

951.042 L73d

Keep Your Card in This Pocket

Books will be issued only on presentation of proper library cards.

Unless labeled otherwise, books may be retained for two weeks. Borrowers finding books marked, defaced or mutilated are expected to report same at library desk; otherwise the last borrower will be held responsible for all imperfections discovered.

The card holder is responsible for all books drawn on this card.

Penalty for over-due books 2c a day plus cost of notices.

Lost cards and change of residence must be reported promptly.



Public Library
Kansas City, Mo.

Keep Your Card in This Pocket

BERKOWITZ ENVELOPE CO., K. C., MO.

KANSAS CITY, MO PUBLIC LIBRARY



DAWN OVER CHUNGKING

DAWN OVER CHUNGKING

ADET, ANOR, *and*
MEIMEI LIN

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

All rights reserved. This book, or parts thereof, must
not be reproduced in any form without permission.

Printed in the United States of America

VAN REES PRESS, NEW YORK

This book is dedicated to
CHEN SAN, HUAN-ERH
and TAIYÜN

Publisher's Foreword

We asked the daughters of Lin Yutang to write this account of their pilgrimage to Chungking. In the final pages of their previous book, *Our Family*, written two years ago, they told how they felt about the war and how earnestly they wished to go back to their native China. Now they have been back, flying across the Japanese lines into the far interior and living there for three months, during which they experienced forty bombing raids. The worst raids of all were on the two days before they had to leave. They came away unwillingly, and only because their father had to return to the United States to speak and write on behalf of China.

Adet is seventeen, Anor fourteen, Meimei ten.

DAWN OVER CHUNGKING

The Decision to Go Home

By Adet

They suffered, they fought, while we were leisurely enjoying ourselves and traveling around in foreign lands for the past three years. I could not bear that thought any longer. I must go back no matter what or how. Perhaps it was for selfish reasons too, but anyhow back we must go.

Getting little bits about Chungking from the newspapers and magazines always made me hungry for more. How could I get it? Here only ten lines today and twenty lines tomorrow. It was not enough for my appetite. When I got hold of some photographs they were a great treat—but for how long? After one had counted the blades of grass in the picture there was nothing more to do.

“Aren’t you glad, my dear, that you are over here now, with that war in China?” It was definitely not “yes,” but a blunt “no” wouldn’t do. They demanded an explanation. How could I explain it all? I couldn’t answer why “no,” and even if I could, nobody would understand me. With a hurried and unclear answer I politely walked away.

That New China, which I was confident existed, was to me yet a mystery. It was something I liked to ponder about when I was tired of my studies, something I turned to when I was agitated. It was an effective dose

for me, and it made all my spells of anger melt away and I was comforted. But more, I wanted more!

I had heard talk about this New China, both pro and con. Knowing not a thing about it except from hearsay and news dispatches, I was faithfully for the pro. I hated to see people doubt, suspect, and poke fun at the pro. They always seemed immensely pleased to find a flaw or a slight weakness and utilized it as a grand excuse for their inaction. I heard these people dispute over a small point in this great war and felt they were wrong.

It is that smug respectability in people which keeps the needy from getting help. I could not talk to the respectable people like this: "Help China! My people are suffering; they need clothing, food, and medicine! Help those who are defending their country heroically. My people deserve help!" That would look ridiculous, even childish, my dear, to the respectable people. You must say something like this: "The Chinese nation, who are defending themselves against the threat of the totalitarians, the Japanese invaders, are in consequence suffering from food shortage and lack of medical attention and it is therefore necessary for a nation living in peace, I maintain, to send all possible assistance to China!" By then, indeed, I should have forgotten the first part of the sentence and so would the respectable people. Those were pleasant sounds, familiar and soothing to respectable ears. They might catch the last few words which were already very weak. Then after some hour-long consideration they might decide to send ten dollars to China. Oh, God, help me! Though I wanted the ten dollars for my country, must it be given so cool-mindedly and logically? I was sorry, plain words spoken with true feelings were unintelligible to them.

The language they understood was a mere skeleton of all that could be said and said more quickly. I well understood why men couldn't rush to help; there was self-interest that prevented it. How pitiful that appeal written in respectable language looked—like a piece of meat loaded with curious spices and mint. Lucky it would be if the man who ate it remembered that it was meat. But where was the taste of meat?

That respectability might be called stability or normality. That was what composed the normal life. Yet what a great obstacle it had been to many ideals and fond dreams! I discussed this matter with someone and she said something about self-preservation. It was on account of that self-interest and indolence that man learned to survive. It was in our system to forget pain easily which was necessary for our survival. Once I tended to agree with her on that, but I could not now. I believe if everyone in this age would discard his self-interest and work to put an end to all the conflicts and tortures, it could be done. This is a time when one does not want to forget pain easily. I had seen in this stable or normal life how men and women play with charity and aid to the needy. It was another toy for them to play with, another way to increase the volume of social trivialities and jealousies. How painful it must be to dance in a charity ball! It seemed to be a wonderful pastime for many. How convenient to dispose of old clothes in sweet charity's name!

Enough of that. I was in search of true charity and humanity and I knew I would find it in Chungking, and I did.

To go home—where could one find a more wonderful object for traveling? Our image of China was getting

vague as I lived abroad more days and formed new opinions. But the image must never fade from our minds. We could not allow it, and so home we went. We were not going back to an old and comfortable home, but to a home in struggle. And we were going to the heart of China where I had never been nor any other member of the family. We knew of Szechuen before the war only as a province with scenic gorges, civil wars, and opium smokers. It was like a foreigner's impression and of course much out-of-date. It would be a new experience for us all. Yet it was going home for us because Szechuen was China. Anywhere on the Chinese soil can be home, even in Tibetan valleys.

So I thought of Chungking often, trying hard to picture it and yet almost in vain. Packing was done differently, as we were returning home and not leaving. We parted with friends triumphantly with our heads high in the air, standing like soldiers strong and robust. To Chungking!

I shall not try to tell my stories with a half-sarcastic smile nor in a rather indifferent tone, though these seem to be the ways to make people listen and believe. I don't want to be casual about what I am serious about, nor pretend to be an old man who has so trained his emotions that he cannot be gladdened or saddened by anything.

Japan

By Meimei

The words "Japs" and "Japan" are the worst words in the world but you can't blame them, because the people are like that so they deserve the name. I wish I could go and bomb the Japanese Emperor and then let the land of volcano cover the Emperor and Japan, that would be the happiest day of my life. Then no one would think of those midgets trying to conquer the world. I'd rather die than be a slave of the Japs. You can't force me to like "the land of cherry blossoms!" Pooh! That name! They are nothing but copycats, copycats. The best thing I like about the Japs are the Japanese traitors. The day the war is over I am going to build a big fire and burn all the Japanese goods and by that time of course there will be only a few Japanese women and children left, so we don't have to bother them, just leave them alone to bury Japan. I will go to the people's houses and give them flags to stick out of the window, and let ring the air raid alarm and beat the gong—who cares? Oh! that day nobody could tell me to do something. I am going to wear red and dance with the farmers!

Hong Kong

By Adet

Was this Hong Kong? I arrived at Kowloon Bay with a preconceived notion and left Hong Kong with that same preconceived notion only justified by living there for two weeks. Yes, it was just as I thought.

It was early in the morning when they dropped anchor. Hong Kong looked pure and innocent in that morning light. The first signs of Chinese life came with the sampans with Cantonese women and children on them rowing toward the big steamer. The women wore dark colors and the sampans were brownish-black and formed silhouettes on the water. Boys were diving into the sea to catch pennies as they did in Hawaii, and women were holding out nets attached to bamboo poles to receive money. There were babies and little girls on the sampans and they were all squinting up at the big steamship, so tall and huge. The sea was billowy and the sampans rocked; yet the babies didn't seem to mind it. Everyone on board was leaning against the rail and watching them, except some Chinese who preferred to stroll on the deck.

It was a strange feeling which overcame me. Home, a wartime home! I remember reading about sampans being bombarded and sunk. It was only a passing thought, and soon I was all excited at the thought of meeting relatives again.

Over the wharf where groups of Chinese stood, across the ferries filled with Chinese, was Hong Kong and it was filled with Chinese too, my own people! Sweating, loafing, shouting, and waiting, they were all Chinese. Chinese faces, Chinese figures, Chinese eyes, and Chinese hair! I could look, look, and look everywhere; day and night they would be Chinese. I could look and look and make up for all the foreigners I had seen in the past years. Yes, and I would look until I could no longer see anything strange about Chinese faces and until I didn't care to look and then I would be satisfied. Then I would be truly Chinese again, for I should no longer get excited over Chinese faces. These are Chinese here at least, even if this is not China!

During the two weeks in Hong Kong with regard to clothes, shops, and foods we cured the nostalgia we had and forgot all about it. It was fun meeting all the relatives and talking late into the night with our cousins, who really hadn't changed a bit. We were talking the whole day long; if I wasn't doing it someone else was and there were voices, only voices in our dreams. And there were trunks and trunks, and everywhere we went we came upon trunks and knocked our knees against trunks and dropped all our things behind trunks and sometimes indeed I wished I were locked up in a trunk to get away from all the trunks. When we went out it seemed it was always on an important errand as everything seemed important in Hong Kong, and, besides, we had to do everything in a hurry as if everything could slip away and disappear and be gone for ever and ever. So we clung to many things in Hong Kong until we were smothered, as it were, by all these things.

We were taking the plane and had to carry enough clothing and yet be within our baggage limit. To some, the limit seemed too small, and so we would just take a pair of slippers, pajamas, and two underwears. Others thought three coats could go in and yet leave ample space for all other things. Mother's weighing scale was extremely useful and for once nobody complained about it. We put in a lot and very little and the result was naturally overweight luggage, but after stating the result we pulled some out and squeezed some in, so actually I did not know whether it was overweight or underweight and what we had in and what we had out. We expected the big luggage to be in Chungking after three months via Indo-China, but it was never sent into China due to the impending Indo-China crisis; but that happened later.

Our life in Hong Kong was something like our packing, so by the end of the two weeks we had caught all the nervousness and man-proposes-God-disposes attitude of Hong Kong.

There was confusion in the air of Hong Kong as well as on the ground. There on the streets modern girls in sleeveless costumes rubbed shoulders with despondent refugees. Some would sip lemonade in air-conditioned tearooms and eat chocolate cake and listen to falsetto blues, while just a few blocks away men were living in the streets instead of houses. There were a front and a back stage to the whole city with the back stage occupying the larger area. The streets were crowded, and it was most uncomfortable to see a baby with seared and swollen eyes sitting miserably beside its mother on a corner. If Chinese needed pity at all it was in Hong Kong and not in the interior. This was a place where

the poor felt poverty most and the homeless really felt lost.

It was all a jumble even in its highest society and most seclusive coteries. There was that jumble of a concession where the tastes of East and West met, where the oddities of the East and West mingled and the superfluities of East and West mixed, and all this was shaken into a multicolor creamy lukewarm sauce that made one vomit.

There were four types of people in Hong Kong. First those who were born in Hong Kong, raised in Hong Kong, *bathed* in Hong Kong. They were just the type of people only interested in commercial success, war or no war. If circumstances were different if one was born in Kiangsu and his stores were burned by the Japanese, he would learn to hate the Japanese and would be compelled by personal interest to be patriotic. But for the present as his skin was still unhurt, he did his business. The second type was those who were in Hong Kong on account of special duties and work. Third, refugees who just happened to flee southward instead of northward when Canton was threatened. Fourth, the people who understood the war and kept on living as if not a shot was fired; when people from the interior said Hong Kong they meant these, and not in a complimentary way.

I should not like to live in Hong Kong one day longer than was necessary. I would live in some other country, or live in my own country with an air raid each day rather than live there. It was stuffy and messy there.

Hong Kong

By Anor

Hong Kong was one of those places where other people decided where you were to have your meals and who with. We had many relations come down from Amoy and Shanghai to see us. When our ship landed at Kowloon, I was almost shocked when I saw the paternal uncles and maternal uncles and paternal aunts and maternal aunts and paternal cousins and maternal cousins and one maternal nephew. As we had not seen them for a long time, and many had changed in appearance and ways, Meimei and I began to nudge elbows.

Hong Kong is terrible because it is the city where people from all parts of the world come and stay, and where most of the Chinese there are pickled in foreign ways and manners.

As we prepared to go inland where our hearts were really aimed at, we began to shop. We were told that Chungking had not many things to sell, so we began to load our trunks with shampoo, soap, crackers, candies, pickles, tooth paste, tooth brushes, cigarettes, and a lot of those things. The trunks were sent off to Haiphong to come through the Indo-China Railway, but they never got there at the end. Packing was topsy-turvy most of the time, and luckily we had so many cousins to help us with it.

Oh, Hong Kong, Hong Kong, we were all set for Chungking, and yet we had to wait! I had no idea of air raids, but I knew I had to and wanted to go to Chungking.

Flight to Chungking

By Anor

It was about nine o'clock at night when visitors poured in to say the good-bys said on every departure. Father and Mother were forced to give those stock smiles, all smiles but no ears. They were worrying about the last minute packing. The word "departure" was in the air, wrapped and concealed in every sentence said, and that was what was the matter.

I was impatient to go to Chungking and leave this empty city. We all got tired, and began to doze off.

I slept with mother. The full moon shone high into our room where I lay awake. How exciting it all was going to be in Chungking, our war capital! I did not have the slightest idea what an air raid was like but I was not afraid.

In the dead of the night, the clock ticked away. Life was strange, it seemed. How people fought each other for the land's sake. How people fought and lived and were jealous and complained and lived as if they were never going to die, as if they were immortal and therefore fought and fought, forgetting to enjoy. How curious people were when they got old, and had just about learned enough to enjoy life when they died. There must be something after death, or else men would not have such a desire to learn, and after they learn about enough, they die, and knowledge and all turn to nothing.

How people worked their heads off and never really lived, how people worried all their lives about money, and tried not to let a penny get away.

The clock struck one and we were supposed to get up at two-thirty to be at the air field at three. But no one was supposed to know the time the plane was to take off, for the danger of flying over Japanese occupied areas was great.

The moon shone brighter than I thought; it was the same moon that kept shining, giving people a cool, sad feeling.

Those long hours seemed like years, waiting, waiting for it to be two-thirty.

Then the alarm clock rang, and we got up yawning and stretching, almost forgetting what we got up for.

We drove off through the dead city of Hong Kong, which I could never like. The shops were closed and wooden panels put up against the windows.

We got to the airport. It was the first time I had been so near a plane, and I began to feel provincial and awkward. We had loaded our pockets with chewing gum, as people said we would need it, when we flew very high. The gum began to fall out as we ran in and out, from the coffee shop to the customs office where the weighing and examination were done. It was a fairly large airport, but the moonlight made it look as if it were covered with snow. My stomach began to gurgle and hiccup, and finally it ached, and I knew I was really excited.

The men said that the moon was too bright for us to fly now and we would have to wait until it went down a little.

The breeze set every one keen and feeling very strange, and yet not knowing how he was feeling.

We did not fly till four-thirty when the moon was partly covered by the clouds. Our relatives who stayed to the last minute began to wave to us, but the waving started too soon, as it always did, and we had our hands and arms all sore.

When the plane started flying, I got quite dizzy but had only one thing in my mind. I dozed off to sleep knowing I was going to Chungking.

A Walk in the Rain

By Adet

It was two o'clock in the morning and we had just waked up from a nap. For a second I wished I had gone to sleep, but the next second I remembered that we were to leave Hong Kong and fly over occupied areas to Chungking. Tomorrow I would be able to see and feel and smell Chungking!

The hotel was as still as the city. We tiptoed downstairs but could not help making some noise—for we were flying to Chungking! The sky was bleak and the earth dead, and in that silence and darkness I was almost afraid to breathe. But my being was so full of tomorrow. I tried to help with this and that, just to move about. How could I sit still with that frog hopping in my stomach? We got into two cars with our uncle and cousins. The two cars sailed through the street of Kowloon. The city had retired from a day's tension and it was now living in weird dreams.

The airport was impressive. Many planes were parked in the lot and strong spotlights were shining on them. Some engines were starting and there were lots of men at work. The whole place was active and alive and even seemed adventurous.

It was only half past two when we got there and the moon was still that same lantern in the sky. We had to wait and we sat in the coffee shop and sipped boiling

coffee with our coats piled high beside us. The coffee was finished in time and we did not want another cup. We went around to see airplanes starting. Airplanes were such wonderful things, but I had not got used to the idea of flying in the sky.

When were we leaving? Soon? It was a long time before we said good-by to uncle and cousins and I saw that some of them were envying us, and how could I blame them? I envied myself for the good fortune of going to Chungking. P. T. was flying with us and he was as excited as we were. Even Mother was. The moon graciously descended at four o'clock. We stepped into the plane triumphantly and waved proudly to our relatives. I was looking up at the sky, where I should be in a minute. The door was slammed and they started the engine. Then in a whirl we were in the sky. Hong Kong grew smaller and smaller and it looked beautiful from the sky. We went higher and higher up and soon we reached the clouds and we went up higher still. Now we were flying and tomorrow we would be in Chungking!

I sat sunk deep in the armchair, all too excited to think, and feeling strange from the new situation. There was more danger in the first minute than in the second, as there was more danger in the first hour than in the second hour. I ignored the danger successfully and it was not on my mind.

The plane was gliding on the clouds and I felt I could almost walk on them and not tumble down if I were to get out. There must be fantasy in that pure and dustless air. I had thought I would feel very spiritual above the clouds and I didn't. Everything inside the plane was very real and tomorrow was very real.

It was just a strange and unusual journey to another day. I didn't want to get out and walk. It was much nicer in the plane.

I was sure we had passed the danger and it was dawn over the clouds! Where was a greater glory? The clouds were suddenly changed into celestial colors, and white rays pierced through the clouds onto the earth. The sky grew brighter and brighter. The clouds were dazzling white and the sun was too bright to look at. It was like God, something too bright for human eyes, and it would hurt the eyes because they could not stand such brightness. But the brightness of its rays we could see and the silver wings of the plane were glistening. Heaven could not be more beautiful than this! What a glorious beginning for a day and what a day it would be for me!

But after seeing the sunrise I dozed off, in spite of the fact I promised myself not to sleep.

When I woke up again it was Szechuen already when I looked down. The terrain was very mountainous, but rice fields were everywhere, terraced right up to the hilltops. Once in a while we would see a few farmers working and I felt overjoyed. This was the land we were defending. How could we bear the thought of losing it? Here under the white clouds a nation was rebuilding itself. There was hope for the future in every heart because every heart was confident of the nation's strength. Old life and old habits were growing stale and outworn as the new life blossomed forth. We looked to the new eagerly with beating heart. We saw the old wither and fade and in that was a sign of the new life's arrival. A nation with a future was a hopeful nation. The nation was not only to defend itself and suffer but

also to build up and create. There was something in the air we saw, and we were pulling it down to the earth. In a few hours I would be down on earth again and I wanted to live on earth. Soon I would mix and mingle with my compatriots and I would be as small and as tiny as I saw the people now from the air and I would feel happy to be embraced by the green fields and blue mountains with all other Chinese. And I would join that life that we were seeing from the sky. I only regretted that I was so late in coming.

Around eight the signal inside the plane flashed and we fastened our belts, for we were going to descend! Before a word was said I had lost the trend of my thought and I knew that the three little bones in my ear weren't working right. In some kind of a whirl, like the taking-off, I found the plane gliding to the airport of Chungking! The airport was in the middle of the river, and lifting my eyes I saw Chungking!

"We've arrived!" all of us exclaimed. Hurray! We stepped out of the plane and put our feet for the first time on the ground of Chungking. Mr. Tong and Forward March came to see us. We hurried to the shed where luggage was examined as we were all too anxious to get it over with. There were flights of steps leading up to Chungking and on top stood the houses of Chungking and the people of Chungking. Water carriers were busily carrying water up the steep steps and there were the chair carriers carrying the passengers up almost vertically. Those were the lampposts and the sidewalks of Chungking over there. Across the south bank was a Chinese landscape, except for the U. S. Standard Oil tank. Oh, was that the oil tank we heard so much about abroad?

The examination was over and Mr. Tong asked if we wanted to take the chairs up. "No, we'll walk!" They were broad stone steps and there were over three hundred of them. We climbed up laboriously, but that was nothing to brag about. It would only be the beginning. After about two hundred steps we stopped and P. T. discovered that he had knocked his thermos bottle against his watch and broken his watch. It was funny and we could not help laughing. The two thermos bottles so far had been a nuisance, but we did not know how useful they were to be!

Soon we had climbed all the steps and we got into a car. Mr. Tong said that we were very lucky as the all-clear signal had sounded just half an hour ago. We did not know how lucky we were, for if there had been an air raid right after our arrival our impression would have been totally different.

Dugouts! There were entrances on the hillside, and a few benches could be seen inside. There were many of them but they looked dark and gruesome. Chungking! We had arrived at long last. The streets, the houses! I did not know what they would be like but I was prepared to like them and I did at first sight. Then we went into the hotel and went into the rooms. It was wonderful to stand still and sit and take off our coats in Chungking. The rooms were newly painted and they had a smell of paint. Ah, but even that smell was marvelous!

Chungking had welcomed us with a rainy day and that was the greatest gift. That afternoon Father and Mother were invited to tea at Generalissimo Chiang and Madame Chiang's place in the country. P. T. had gone out with our other cousin who had been in Chung-

king, of which we did not know until this morning. P. T. was in search of a job and H. C. took him around. We were left with Mr. C. who had found a house in Peipei for us, fifty miles from the capital. We were eager to know Peipei but we were still more eager to know Chungking. So we decided to go out, with our raincoats. Mr. C. borrowed a raincoat and rubbers from Father. So we started out and it was still raining hard. The harder the better.

That afternoon Heaven was particularly gracious. Besides raining for us it lent me an eye that could see beyond the naked eye. The roads were muddy, just muddy streets on a rainy day in China. There was something intimate and lovable about it. We had been having muddy streets since Confucius; what was more natural than that streets should be muddy and full of puddles and splashes on a rainy day? My leather shoes had only trotted on cement, and this was a refreshing change.

The hotel being a little out of town, the beginning of the journey was a little like a country walk. It was quiet except for the splashes and we could see the central district of Chungking as we approached it. Chungking was beautiful in that ancient way, as any group of houses could be beautiful, as any city circled by rivers and hills could be beautiful, as any rainy day could be beautiful. I was profoundly thankful that I was in Chungking.

There was a military academy on our way, and as we splashed by we heard war songs being sung by healthy and strong voices from within. It gave the whole scene an atmosphere of war instantly, and, on such a rainy day when reality could fade away behind

the mist, the voices were very uplifting. I banished my thoughts which seemed trivial and irrelevant now. I was eager to see and hear everything that had been very real in my mind and was very real around me now. I was anxious to let that something real in me flow out and melt away into this greater reality outside. And myself, this body and these hands, I liked to put away in the crowd and I did not want to recognize them, as I would not recognize any particular ant in a group of ants. But I could not help seeing with a keener eye all that was around me.

Among all those strolling and striding were many uniforms. They gave the capital immediately an atmosphere of wartime. When we reached the streets the crowd grew larger. It seemed that everyone was out, or else sitting in a house visible from the streets. In the shops there were scanty goods but plenty of people. There was the stove where the mother cooked, the basin where the daughter-in-law washed clothes; the father was doing business and the children were fooling around. From shop to shop I saw families working and chatting. They were blacksmiths, shoemakers, bakers, and butchers, but their lives were very much the same. It was a crowded city, as all prosperous Chinese cities were crowded. Everyone was busy. On the streets we had to thread through the crowd. The chair carriers talked and behaved like self-respecting people, and so did all other laborers. There were some soldiers walking deep in thought. There were students in shirts and trousers fumbling books in the bookstores and there were wartime workers laughing out loud on the streets, and unavoidably there were the strollers as in any city.

Everyone was out, even in the rain—or was it because of the rain?

I was bewildered and busy finding my way through such bewildering pedestrians. Everyone was looking at the road and I saw among bare feet, cloth shoes, and sneakers, my pair of leather shoes. In spite of the leather they were soaked through. Leather shoes were the privilege of the rich in Chungking. They cost somewhere from sixty to seventy dollars a pair. Did I then belong to the "leather-shoes class"? But maybe it was good to have them. Mr. C.'s pair of cloth shoes could be wrung dry, but he didn't do that and bought any pair which was good for a short distance only.

Then we saw a dugout, dark and damp and dripping with rain. We could see only a little part of it from the outside as it seemed the caves were winding and not straight corridors. It was not a pleasant affair as we could see now, but the wonderful thing was there were so many of them, and on various streets we heard men chiseling the rock with chisels and making clear and continuous clinking sounds in the rain. The rocks, I learned, were dynamited by explosives in some places and then chiseled by hand. "Sacred labor" held true in Chungking and it should. The sedan-chair carriers earned from one to two hundred dollars a month and other laborers were all better paid than the school-teachers. Chinese labor, cheap and greatly exploited for so long, was now in this war gaining a place in the respect of the nation. It had always been callously looked down upon. But they actually were the builders of a new nation and the defenders of our country. They built the Burma road, the new railways; they dug the shelters and removed the wreckage, and all the trans-

portation of machines and equipment was shouldered by these people. Labor was expensive compared with pre-war rates and I think it should be, for they were only getting what they had long deserved.

The two most popular slogans I noticed at once in my first walk were: "*Those who have money give money; those who have strength give strength*" and "*Victory in resistance; success in reconstruction.*" These were everywhere. I thought they were very good slogans and this war seemed to the honest people almost as simple as that. It was good to have the war seen through the people as simple as that. By the sheer resources of the first we would attain the second, and vice versa. I think it a very good way to win a war!

We walked on and then we came upon a wasteland where five hundred people had been burned to death in May of the previous year. They were driven by the fire to a stone wall of the German Legation, which was too high to climb, Mr. C. said, and that stone wall was there. We stood still in front of the wasteland and a horrible silence came over us. Five hundred trapped and burned to death? It was an empty lot now, not even grass grew, as if in memory of the five hundred dead. Bare, hollow and awe-inspiring, this lot stood amidst lively shops and lively people. It was left so by order purposely as a wordless tablet commemorating the five hundred dead. This was May too. Let this never, never happen again! It was too awful for the imagination. Was it our first contact with war? If the five hundred were drowned in a flood or killed by some catastrophe beyond the help of fellow men it would be different. This was not; these deaths were inflicted by men, the same kind of men as those killed, almost as

big and as tall and having many similarities with those whom they killed. Yet there was just that little speck of difference, and why should that difference make one man kill other men and destroy all they had? Other men were also so clever as to invent bombs to help men kill other men. This was spring. May all the shops and houses with their gay and industrious inhabitants be saved from this slaughter and may their houses stand until they crumble with age and not meet that same fate! Yet this was only the beginning of the bombing season. From where was I to get this assurance? The game was still on, that bitter game!

"Go back now!" The rain had stopped for a while and we turned back. Bare feet were still splashing the mud, as if in willful defiance to this empty lot. I splashed, too, though with leather shoes I could not do so effectively.

On our way back I saw the same shops and the same children, and because I had seen them I was given the chance to see something else, something uncatchable that had seized me. I felt its strength and its work. That something was also on every face I saw, though they seemed quite unaware of it. And that was life, in that meaningful sense. Life with its obstacles and capacity to take, that good life that was now stripped bare before me under such circumstances. It was what I wanted to find in Chungking and this was the only thing that could disappoint me if it were not there, and it existed, this good and hopeful life of a people at the dawn of a new nation. I was welcome here, I felt, and they would let me share their lives. It was generous and true. This would be my home, for it was my country and I belonged to it as much as any one else here. The people

and the streets were ours, everyone's. I actually belonged here and had arrived. It would be a new life for me, one part of this great life here. And that life I could take and receive heartily and naturally for I was already one of them, one of the people of Chungking, one in a nation fighting for its freedom. I actually belonged here!

I watched the mud and my shoes sunk in mud. I splashed and I splashed. I trampled on the footsteps of those who had passed, and others would trample on my footsteps, and then none of the footprints would be recognizable and there would be only a lot of blurred prints, one on top of another.

It was dark already and Mr. C. bought us a song book with war songs to be learned. When we reached the military academy a shrill trumpet was announcing suppertime. It was a clear crystal call in the air of the already hazy Chungking.

At the gate we met P.T., who was peeling the mud from his shoes. We did the same.

Bus Trip to Peipei

By Anor

It was raining little featherlike rain when we chartered a bus and went to Peipei. All the way we could see the rice fields and the gigantic mountains of Szechuen. They were just planting young rice saplings then, but that sharp green color only made the scene more picturesque.

We went along the highways bumping, but I did not mind, for it was China, my own. I did not mind the smell of the gasoline, for it was China. I did not mind the hard wooden panel upon which I sat, for it was China. Whatever it was, I could feel it my own. One can never know the love of his country without leaving it.

It mattered so much, the city we were going to. What life there was ahead of us we could not tell. But it was going to be exciting and great, because China was fighting and it was so different from the China I had known a few years ago.

When we arrived at Peipei, the town, we were introduced to our new house. It was ugly and yet the newest house in town. The bricks were all gray as that was the blackout color, and our black roof tiles were piled on top of the house like a man wearing a misfitting hat.

Some village children gathered to see the newcomers, as always was the case in China, watching, spying, and

laughing. They helped us carry the suitcases into the house and were very pleased to get half a dollar each.

By the time we were all in, our rubbers were caked with mud and our hands were coated with earth on account of the wet weather. But what did it matter? It was Chinese soil! It was so good to have one's own country soil under one's feet again, and feel it really there.

First Day in Peipei

By Adet

Our house in Peipei was not so lovable, though Peipei was a lovable little place. Indeed I wish I were still in Peipei; it was a miniature of the whole wartime life.

When we came down from the muddy lane to enter our house for the first time we heard a lot of noises like machine-gunning. What were machine guns doing in Peipei? There was a succession of *ta-ta-ta-ta*'s as we explored the empty echoing rooms. Here we were going to stay until the victory was won and we would march down the Yangtze. For the time being we would live here and help and work and hear *ta-ta-ta-ta*—until the victory was won. Let there be *ta-ta-ta-ta* all day long, since there was a war on and we were willing to accept everything.

We were not excited about the house, but rather at settling down finally. We dragged in our baggage and started to put up the beds. We untied the bedding and scrubbed the beds, and then they looked extremely comfortable. It was five when we got through and we wanted to relax. But there was a carpet of mud on the floor; the chairs were still in disorderly positions; the suitcases were everywhere; and we needed water, candles, basins, stove, and every other thing that made a home. Ah, the beginning of work! Everyone was extremely cheerful. We took a few looks from the window.

We did not know the streets, the houses, not even the direction. How was Peipei? How far? How large? We could see the green mound with a house in front of us and a road. The machine-gunning had stopped. There were trumpet calls. Where were we? "Put up the mosquito nets." I did so, standing on a not-very-strong windowsill. It was dark and I could only see little mounds of green and a few acres of farms from the window. It would be better to get the house tidied up first and then look around, so we did and cleaned the tables and hammered nails and tied strings as if we had known the house for a long time. The outside and Peipei should stay out of our mind for the moment!

Mr. Wang of the Ministry of Education came in, in the midst of all this. We were all anxious to see him as we remembered well his humorous articles in the magazines. He was just like his writing. His eyes disappeared when he smiled, and there was that deep, warm, loud voice when he laughed. He welcomed us to Peipei in a very formal and yet most sincere way. And we all felt that we would like Peipei in spite of the machine-gunning. He asked us to dinner since we did not have fuel or food and had no particular desire to eat at home. We washed up a little in our home for the first time, yelling for soap and towels and bringing our own water from the water jar. The water was refreshing and cool and we wrung our towels and hung them up. It was fun and it was going to be fun! We brought our flashlights, locked our doors, and went to town.

It was a good ten-minute walk from our home, and we joined Mr. Wang at his house which was a block from town. The road was then more crowded, and we

got into the "city limit," which consisted of three main streets. It was already dark, but people hadn't lighted the vegetable oil lamps. We got a very vague idea of what the town looked like and to our great delight we counted five bookstores, probably due to the presence of the Fu Tan University across the river. We turned at some point and went into the restaurant which was already very full of customers. We went up the shaky and narrow stairway and landed in a small room all by ourselves. There were Mr. and Mrs. C., Mrs. Wang, who was expecting a baby, and Mr. Hsiao and and Mr. Hsi from the Ministry of Education. Hsi was tall and serious and Hsiao was shorter and jovial. We sat around the table. It was too impossibly dark to talk or eat. We heard that electricity would come on sometime and we were waiting for it. Suddenly there was a universal "Ah!" and claps of hands and believe it or not, it was the electricity! Our room became very bright, which no doubt was due to the contrast to the inky darkness we had had a minute ago. Peipei was naïve and simple and full of fun.

The dinner was sumptuous, too sumptuous for Peipei and for the *ta-ta-ta*. It was the best dinner we had in Peipei. At dinner we, being fresh from abroad, could not help asking a lot of questions about air raids. The general attitude was: one must take precautions; but, personally, we believed there was no danger of bombing in Peipei. We weren't worried.

The walk back was beautiful. There were no street lamps and the circles of light from our flashlights guided us home. It was cool and dark and when we got home we lighted the candles. Our house was too far out of town to have electricity installed, but there

was good news that in September it would be possible. We went to bed early, strangely excited, and our neighbor, Mrs. Yang, promised to wake us up in case of an air raid.

I put my clothes, socks, shoes, a candle, and a box of matches on a chair near my bed, with my flashlight under the pillow. I sneaked into the net and lay down. An air raid tonight? Not probable, they said. I must know Peipei well, and I went to sleep. In my slumber, I was prepared to be waked up at any moment. Mother went to sleep with clothes on, only taking off her shoes. Nothing happened that night, only to prepare us for a strange day ahead.

"A good boy goes to war!"

"If you have strength, give strength; if you have money, give money!"

China it was, just like it. Children played beside the much displayed coffin shops with saliva dripping from their chins. Women fed babies on the streets, and walked carelessly about to tell this neighbor and that of something that happened. Old men sat on their front doorstep, and read on a dark day with long pipes already smoked out. I noticed that the Chinese here had developed a new way of wearing the shirt outside of the trousers, and everyone had a shirt, strange to say. Some wore Chinese pants and foreign style shirts.

Peipei had never been bombed and that was the main reason we chose to live there, so there were not the ruins as seen in Chungking.

We walked down to the Kialing River, where across the bank stood the Fu Tan University with its cows and lambs to supply the village with milk. The pride of the village.

The streets were dirtily beautiful, and the people carelessly kind. I liked Peipei when I saw it.

We had never yet tasted any bombing, and I think that is why, not knowing the danger we were under, I enjoyed Peipei that day most.

Fusao

By Anor

People are so nice and so simple in Szechuen, the natives, and such a typical one was Fusao, our maid.

She was not dumb, very "right," and extremely humble. One day she began to tell me about what happened to her when the war started.

"So many people came, Shanghai people, Canton people, Nanking people, Peking people, Hankow people, Yunnan people, Kweichow people, Hong Kong people." I guess the war had improved her geography, and those were the names she had learned.

"There are so many kinds of people," she said, "Chinese people, Japanese people, foreign people."

She had never seen a Jap or a foreigner, she told me. I told her there was one foreign lady in Peipei, and she almost did not believe me. I told her she came past our gate once, but she had not seen her.

"What are they like?" she asked me. I told her they had yellow or red or brown hair, and gray, green, or blue eyes. Fusao was shocked. I guess I should not have told her that; I knew what she was thinking. Then one day she asked Mother what the Japs were like. Mother told her they were pretty much like us in appearance but they were very, very short. She was even more terrified. She had not the slightest idea what they were, but she was sure they were not like us. She

did not even know what the bombs meant, only that the Japs were cruel people and we were fighting them.

That is why it is ridiculous that the Japs think they could win us over by bombing. Fusao did not even imagine them human! To go to Chungking alone would have made Fusao marvel. The war had brought in many conveniences for people like Fusao, and she was happy to learn them.

Our Life in Peipei

By Meimei

Our house in Peipei wasn't right in the town. It was near the country, but it took only a few minutes' walk to go to the town. Around us were three houses almost like ours. In the morning mother usually got up first. We would start the day with a bowl of congee, bean curd, peanuts, and pickles. After that we studied, and sometimes when I looked out of the window I'd see two men carrying oranges on their shoulders. Most of the time we bought our oranges from them. Their oranges were from last winter, they had preserved them by putting them into sand. When I saw them, I shouted to Mother and asked her whether we needed any oranges or not. When Mother said yes, I shouted to them "Hey, we want to buy some oranges." And they came smiling along to our door. Each big orange cost seventy cents to one dollar, small ones cost forty to fifty cents. Mother usually bought a lot.

As we went into our rooms I suddenly saw a whole group of people going toward the country. I told mother and she came to look. Mrs. Yang, our landlady, shouted to us, "Mrs. Lin, Mrs. Lin, there is a red flag." We began to put bread and oranges into little bags. Anor ran into the kitchen to tell the cook to take the green-pea soup out. We hurriedly ate the soup and took some umbrellas and walked quickly to the dugout, carrying

our little bags and the precious suitcase which contained all our valuables. We climbed and climbed and climbed under the burning sun. As we reached the gate of Mr. Sung's house the urgent alarm rang. We had to climb another flight of steps to reach their dugout. Mrs. H— and her family were already there; it was cooler in the dugout. The Sung dugout had two rooms. Unfortunately we were in the same room with Mrs. H—. Oh, that smell! I said to myself as I entered that room, "Hear that gong ringing? I knew they would come earlier, but you wouldn't believe me. I TOLD YOU SO." We sat down on the benches, and the telephone began to ring; they kept on shouting to each other until my ears went crazy. After twenty minutes the drone of the airplanes was faintly heard; it came nearer and nearer, just like a drum. I closed my eyes, opened my mouth, and pressed my ears so as not to hear the dreadful sound. I hated that sound more than anything else in the world. Four or five batches passed the same way, and we tried to make the four hours pleasant. After the last batch had passed, we always had a hunch that that was the last one and came out to have some fresh air. We'd get impatient and take the little bags waiting for the all-clear signal. That was the best part of the air raid. All of a sudden the sound came, everybody stood up in smiles. We hurried home, grateful that our house was not bombed. Our servant Ching San, meaning "green mountain," went to get some water from the well near by. We washed our faces and hands and drank some water. After a few hours dinner was served, we chatted a while in the garden. I looked at the sky and I knew there would be another day like this one tomorrow, and then I went to sleep.

First Bombing

By Adet

Peipei had never been bombed.

It was the second morning after our arrival and we were still unpacking and straightening things out when another batch of planes flew by. We had gone to the dugout the first time, and, since there was no danger of bombing, we came out from underground as we had much to do. Mrs. Yang was in her house too. Only a quarter of Peipei left their homes, and we commented they were overcautious.

That was the first time we heard Japanese bombers and that time we heard the planes most coolly. We did not fear them, as we did not know how to fear. I understood they were on their way to Chungking, to destroy, to kill, and to get killed. We stood under the eaves of our house straining our necks to have a look at the planes. Everyone had something in hand as we rushed out in the midst of our work. So this was the noise they made and this was the way they looked. We had heard varied descriptions of them. Some said they were just as big as flies and not as fat as bees, usually nine in each small group and three small groups forming one spearhead drive. Some said the droning was like that of a mosquito, and others argued it was like thunder. It was like heartbeats, one said, or listening to the engine in a steamer cabin on a lower deck. Someone

apparently intact. "Ma! Mei!" We went around the house hurriedly and met them coming up from the kitchen. "Bombed! bombed!" I could have bitten my teeth off. There was a stirring noise outside and we jumped up the hill slope to see. The few people who had gone into the dugout were crowding to look if their houses or their neighbors' houses were bombed. Smoke was rising in the heart of the town. *Tsa-liao! Tsa-liao! Tsa-liao!* Bombs had twisted our nerves. Bombed actually for the first time! Bombs fell about a hundred yards from us; we had escaped unscratched. A few pieces of broken glass were the only damage done to our house.

Everyone was disturbed, for it was the first time and the first time was always more frightening. Friends inquired about each other and talked about their own experiences. We heard reports of the damage, and they were very varied. Men were killed and wounded, for no one expected that they would bomb this town. Later we were to learn that Mr. Wang had flopped into a dry ditch when the bombs fell within a block of their house and Mrs. Wang, being pregnant, could not flop down. Mr. Wang had a twisted wrist and laughingly said that never since the bombings of Hankow and the bombings of Chungking had he been caught so near. Mr. Hsiao came in with a bandage around his head, like a wounded hero. What was the matter? His forehead was bruised when he flopped down instinctively. The restaurant we ate in was bombed with a waiter from Peiping trapped in it. We were among the last customers of that restaurant last night. Now it was gone. Such was wartime life!

Our minds couldn't catch up with the events happening so fast. Several including a famous professor were killed in the compound of the University. One of the reasons we thought an excuse for the bombing was the temporary stationing of the 18th Army in Peipei. (Hence the machine-gun practice yesterday.) The army was having an athletic meet on the playground of Peipei. Inured to bombing at the front, the army did not bother about the planes and continued their games. That was just one of the supposed reasons, but that was still inadequate. Why were the University and the Kiangsu hospital bombed, which were quite far away from the playground? Was it just bad aiming? (Later we asked: Why the second and third bombing when the 18th army had gone to the front long ago? Was it again bad aiming that they should drop a bomb six hundred miles from the front?)

The day was miserable for us all. Our nerves were jarred. We went on slowly with our unpacking, hurrying out when there was some news or a visitor. For we had no mind for anything except to listen to talks and to talk ourselves. All Peipei was upset. That evening after dinner, Anor and Meimei having gone to bed, I stood in the tiny porch and watched the scene before me. It was not really dark yet. On the left side of the slope four soldiers were digging. I could hear the spades working on the earth. They were digging and digging and beside them, I saw, lay a coffin. The four never lifted their heads to rest. I watched as the scene grew darker and darker. I watched it purposely for I felt I must. It was quiet all around; most people were having supper inside, planning to retire early tonight. We had finished ours. For a long time they dug and then laid

the coffin down and slowly covered it up. Who was this unfortunate one? Was it a fellow soldier? Or a minor officer? The soldiers went away as silently. Not even a tablet or a stick was placed to mark the grave. The soft and damp earth was the only sign of a new grave. A few more days and green grass would grow and cover it up.

I should have liked to shout at that moment. That moment, China, our nation, our people and our soil, filled my heart. How inhumanly silent those four soldiers were and there was not even a ceremony! Did he have a relative? Or were his relatives far off in some other province? An unknown grave and an unknown soldier to everyone except those four, and they were silent.

I saw the coming of night. There might be a night raid. At that moment I loved my country more than anything else and at this moment I could feel most intensely what a war was like. I remembered the four soldiers and I knew China would live and emerge gloriously from all these sorrows and sufferings. I was as certain at that moment as if God had spoken to me. Perhaps He did.

"Go to bed earlier and put the things near the bed as you did last night." I closed my eyes to forget myself and went into the house dimly lighted by a flickering oil lamp.

First Bombing

By Anor

Peipei had never been bombed before. We had overestimated the intelligence of the Japs and thought they would not waste their limited bombs on a village not worth half the bombs that hit, which were not half as many as the bombs that missed. But evidently the Japs calculated in a different way and so came to bomb the small village.

It was the third day from our arrival at Peipei, and we were still green from a foreign land.

"Heh! No one would be foolish enough to come and bomb Peipei!" everyone said; so we, as many others, did not go to the dugouts.

We stayed home with our friends. The planes came and a very deep, slow roar was heard. It was terrifying. The roar came near and the sound increased. Pounding, pounding, pounding into our ears until it was unbearably loud.

We went out of the house to see and there they were. Twenty-seven of them, each bomber protected by two fighters.

"Hmmm! The formation is particularly beautiful today!" remarked our friend, who was not afraid. That was just like the Chinese, the idea of remarking on the beauty of the formation while the bombers flew by, droning over us.

"Their mothers!" he cursed.

Mother and Father were told to take off their glasses as their reflection might attract machine-gun bullets.

The roar passed away, and we stayed on.

Another group came, and still another, each time the planes panting, panting as if carrying a heavy load. It was the terrific noise that made one turn stiff with hatred. They kept on, each time from twenty-seven to thirty-six planes.

"Ha!" shouted our friend again. "Look! That one has only one fighter to protect it, and that one has no bomber to protect, and there, and there! Our air force is not bad at all!"

We looked meekly, clinging to our own confidence that the Japs would not come to bomb us.

It was the sixth batch of the confounded planes that set Peipei ablaze.

This time the planes came, droning into our ears. They came right over our heads. Our neighbor came out to see too and he remarked, "Close this time!"

They flew and flew, and now they were directly over our heads. If they wanted to bomb us, that would be a direct hit.

"The danger is over now," said Father.

Hardly had he spoken it when we heard explosions and saw flashes across the sky. The house shook and the bombing continued.

We all ran into the house and fell flat on the floor. Mother and Meimei went to some other place, but we were too afraid to go look for them.

We opened our mouths wide to ease the air pressure on our ears. Bong, bong! It continued and each bomb struck like a hammer blow into our hearts.

Then they went away, having done their duty.

We lay on the floor until the noise died away. We did not want to get up. Then we pulled ourselves together, and went to look for Mother and Meimei. There was mixed emotion in me of anger, fright, hatred, and bitterness.

"Mother! Meimei!" we cried, but they did not answer. Later they crept out from the cellar, arm in arm, green and pale from fright.

"The cook told us to go to the cellar. It was safer there," said Mother.

How could one tell? Bombs did not recognize persons.

We went out of the house to see. The smoke had risen to join the clouds, the blackness of it making us have a sense of disaster.

From that time on, we went to the dugouts and did not venture outside again.

The Town

By Adet

Have I ever loved a town? If I have it was Peipei. Ah! Peipei, which was to make me mad with regret to leave it!

We would go out to town almost every day in the early morning and late afternoon, because there was no other place to go and we always had some errands to do. I had seen it as a prosperous town. Yet I must say I loved it most after the bombings. I had seen shops standing proudly one day and leveled to a heap of ruins another day. Even the ruins, the scorched earth, were beautiful. The shops were precious as they could be gone the next day. Peipei lived more gloriously after each bombing. The bombs reduced it to its essence only, so each time it became purer and purer. There was nothing left but the quintessence, the best part of it.

Its three main streets we knew well. After days of prowling around we knew almost every corner. Its streets were old and quaint and its people an interesting mixture of the present China. There were people from everywhere, yet all blended into the pattern of Peipei very smoothly. The atmosphere was friendly. And there was something alike in all of us. For instance, the universal "Ha!" and "Oh!", shouts of joy when the main electric switch was turned on. It was fun, and young and

old shouted alike. Was there any other place where electricity was so much appreciated? And when we saw some houses burning, we all had the same feeling in our hearts. If you inquired and talked in the stores about a previous bombing, they would gladly tell you, with exaggerated stories. You sighed and I sighed. Oh, well! And then when we shot down five airplanes, the whole town talked about it. Everyone knew about it, even those who didn't read newspapers. And when the market was packed with corn, everyone had corn; and when the Dragon Festival approached, everyone swarmed upon the Cantonese food shop and demanded *chungtze*. Such fun! It was like wearing an old shoe, comfortable and natural. There were no sophisticated people, or if there were, we in Peipei called them travelers and temporary guests. Peipei was a place everyone loved and wouldn't have it different. Not even bombs could shatter our friendly atmosphere, but could only intensify it.

But, you say, are not the people in Peipei of many types? There were the slovenly, the buttoned-up, the conservative, the radical, those who were used to lemonade, and those who laughed at the pictures of a queer people called the white people. We were mistaken for talking a foreign language when we spoke our Amoy dialect among ourselves. We carried sugar canes six feet long on our shoulders. We bargained, and said, "If you don't sell it to us at that price, the bombs will get hold of you and then you will regret!" The shopkeeper shook his head and laughed. "No, no, no bomb is going to get hold of this."

The town being so small, we met the same people on the streets every day. We knew them by faces, not by

names, and sometimes it got to be too often and we couldn't help smiling. There was one girl who had very particular braids and always wore American dresses. I thought she must be in some dramatic corps. It seemed that she was always waiting for someone. She never laughed and was never seen talking. There was another man who wore very long sleeves and had a crop of messy hair. He worked in the post office, and always after I mailed an air-mail letter to America costing some eight dollars, he stared at me suspiciously. Why on earth should anyone mail a letter to America and use up eight whole dollars?

And then we would meet the people we knew. Everyone came to town about the same hours, and so we could not help meeting them. It was hello, hello, and hello!

The markets were near the Kialing River and the main streets were on a higher slope, and all around were private residences.

The war had united us together as nothing else could. I saw how a great and generous brotherhood had forgotten its sharp little jealousies.

We had seen houses burned down and how the people looked upon them. The feeling in all of us was the same. We looked at the ruins and looked at the standing houses. We did not envy or laugh at others. The chance of destruction was something beyond our control. Everyone helped out and took friends into their homes. And when houses had to be torn down to make more fire lanes, the tenants submitted naturally. They moved, for each one loved Peipei and wanted to save as much of it from destruction as possible. And

when houses were burned, we built new homes elsewhere.

I loved Peipei most in the bright morning at seven o'clock when I heard the "*he-ah! ho-ah!*" of the boatmen loading and unloading cargo near the river, when the chisels and axes knocked against the wood in the carpenters' shops, when the people were picking up the bricks and glass from the ruins. And when I saw workers carrying pails of water on their shoulders and the pastries boiling in oils and women washing and scrubbing, I was glad that I was among them. And when the streets were packed with everyone marketing, arguing, buying and selling and discussing and calculating, I hurried to do something so that I should be among them.

There was work and life, struggle and results. Boredom had no place here. Everyone was working either with his hands, his feet, or his mind. The heat was oppressive and everyone sweated, in an effort to do, to give, to live. Ruins lay about and no one bothered about them. One's job was to build and not to mourn over the loss, to get much done in a short time, because there was little time to do so much. It was like drinking hot tea in summer and letting the body perspire and run its normal course rather than sipping iced beverages and lying idle just to keep cool.

As all sounds and smells and sights of work circled around us, I felt all that was a symbol of our nation's resistance. It was not seeking peace in appeasement, it was fighting it out with all the miseries and suffering that would come with it. There was no boasting or claiming of honors. They did it because they knew it was for themselves and for the good of the country.

Some did it unconsciously, some intentionally. All acted as if they had bent down to take a handful of soil in their palms, and feeling it with their fingers, they had decided not to lose it. No, never this, and this river, these mountains, the old roof tiles of Peipei's small houses, never! What would they be if they were stripped of these? Some lived in Peipei because their homes were burned or occupied by the enemy, their towns and villages desecrated by the atrocities of the enemy. We would get it back to ourselves and tear down the old houses with the memories of the enemy, and build a new home on its site.

I remembered seeing villages and towns from the airplane. And they had looked like little insects' homes. So might I be also a little insect in this group of insects, striving for a standing place and for days to live in without trouble. I didn't care how small this did seem from somewhere else, as in the airplane. Let me be an insect, because I was only an insect. Let the philosopher stand aside and grin if he wants to. Let eternity laugh if it wants to. Let history comment and say what should have been, if it wants to. But let me live for what is truth to me and fight for it. No one could say I was wrong, because that was what I wanted. What was life but a struggle to exist? Some fought against disease, some fought against inequality of treatment. Each fought to improve and to defend. All lived willingly because there was a dream ahead. Without dreams, reality is not real. Man had striven to improve society, to cease warfare, ever since he lived in houses. There had been changes and wars, revolutions and regimes. Not one generation had lost hope. And, as I saw the people in Peipei, their faces, their eyes, and through these

their will and their dreams, I knew Peipei and all China would survive. These faces assured me, for there was no greed, no beastly expression, no hypnotized or crazy looks, no frivolity and no adventurism. This was the very best type of faces that men could have, faces of self-respect, worthy of manhood, worthy of having a civilization. Sometimes I felt there was very little distinction between man and beast, and it was that little distinction that we cherished. Sometimes I couldn't see it, even with all the trimmings and icings man had invented to adorn himself with. It was purely animal existence. With all the social manners and learning and complicated ways of doing a thing, a man could still be a brute. It was the face that counted, whether one had a noble and clear face or not. And even if a person could not read a word, he could be a civilized man. What was more demoralizing than for a man to tell himself that his existence was merely brutish? The pride and glory of man would be gone. Man needed the sense of superiority over animals to live the life of a man. A brute was a brute and a man, a man. There should always be that distinction. Of course there was no thought or doubt of that in Peipei. It was understood and needed not be brought out.

Ah, Peipei! It was wonderful to see before me the things I had dreamed of abroad. Peipei didn't care what anybody thought of it. It lived for itself and that was sufficient.

On market day, which came every third day, from the country all around, even as far as twenty *li* away, farmers came. They started before dawn with their vegetables and earthen jars and rattan baskets, and here they met, did business, and went around the town,

and maybe took a few things back to the country. About six o'clock, sweating all over, they reached the town and laid their baskets along the streets and waited for customers to come. It was like a country fair, and the farmers had a good time besides just doing business. They had learned all about the changes of the war and they knew enough to raise their prices because everything was expensive now. They saw the trucks with military equipment roll past and they shook their heads and put their tongues to their teeth, "*Thssah!* Huh, a new China now. *Thssah!* Such wonders, *huh!* You bet we will smash the Japanese with these! *Thssah!*"

They sat on the roadside and smoked bamboo pipes and watched the town go by. Girls in uniforms or in pants were something. "What changes!" And hearing of free inoculations in the hospitals, they turned around and looked at each other. Modern times, indeed; everything was different, and they heard of battles and bombings of Chungking, the air battles. They knew it all now! When they heard of girls going to the front to nurse the wounded and when they saw how street urchins were picked up and put in good care with books to read and work to do, they knew we would win. Was there ever anything like this before? China had changed. Did air raids scare them? Oh, rubbish! They have been through civil wars, famine, heavy taxations by the warlords. What was this? There was a "system." When they struck the gong one went and hid somewhere. That was nothing. And even on a sunny market day they came to town and did as much business as possible. They had legs and they could run. What were legs for, anyway! Hidden under some trees in the

mountains, they held up their heads and saw bombs descend from the air. Ferocious? *Hua-ah!* The smoke, the dust, and such noise, and the crumbling of houses! Lucky they lived in the country. They went down hills, and being able-bodied were able to report for duty after bombing, even though they lived in the country. They were variously assigned to do different work, to help rescue some valuables, to carry the wounded to the hospital, to tear down houses if necessary, to clean the streets. To help, they understood that. They had seen how victims looked after bombing. It was horrible, and the human kindness in their hearts was touched.

Yes, it was these people, the farmers, the laborers, that helped most to win the war. The Chinese from the land and not from the town. They were soldiers; they transported the machines. They built the Burma Road and the new railways. They tilled the fields and built new houses. Without them China's hands were tied. These were the best people of China and these were the people who suffered most in this war. They had suffered in previous years before the war and now they knew how to help the nation and defend their country, as if it were the most beautiful place on earth. It was they who sweated and they who got killed mostly. The gentry had suffered, but only little in comparison. I wanted to see the class distinctions, though greatly reduced, on a still smaller scale. It was still a tinge too much for a nation at war, for the new China. The fault lay on the rich man's side, who had brought along the contemptuous attitude toward a lower class, presuming the right to boss over them, to command them to do as he wished. Usually the relation between a master and a servant had always been that of two human beings,

and it was never allowed to go beyond that. From where came this master and dog attitude? In this war it was disappearing, but not quickly enough. Students and young workers went from village to village and sang and talked to the people. They helped them, and they respected the soldiers, the laborers, the war veterans. They worked for them, the Chinese people. They understood how great the Chinese people were! And both the youths and the people worked well together. In other cases there was still that old idea, and that was the only thing I was unpleasantly surprised with in China. They should learn that the Chinese people are the best in this world, a truly civilized people. This is no Aryan superiority complex. The Chinese people *are* wonderful.

Labor was getting expensive in China. It should, for it had always been too cheap. But here is a little tale:

A government clerk once asked for a raise, and, getting sick of waiting for that grant, he resigned and became a ricksha puller. One day he happened to pull his former superior in the office, and the man recognized him. Arriving at the destination, he got down and talked to him and said his raise had been granted and asked him to go back. The former clerk shook his head and jovially said, "No, even if I get the raise, I can't earn as much as I do now." And he pulled the ricksha away! The man is earning about three hundred dollars a month.

Condensed Milk and Coffee

By Meimei

In Peipei we had to boil our milk before we ate it, and we had to drink it *hot*, so I suppose you know how it tasted. Sometimes we would pour it into the congee and eat it, but still it didn't taste half as good as cold milk. There were only a few cans of condensed milk and coffee in Peipei, and they were very expensive; a can of coffee cost about twenty dollars and condensed milk about five or six dollars; little cans about an inch high cost two dollars fifty. However, we bought them when we went up to the mountain because there we did not get milk. The first can of condensed milk we bought was brown, Mother said it was spoiled but Father said no, because it said "coffee flavored" on the can. Father dipped his finger in it and sucked it and we all followed him except Mother who was still doubting. It was delicious and we put some on our bread, but we were careful not to put too much for it was very precious. We bought only three cans of coffee in one month and a half. They were three different kinds, S. and W., Hills Bros., and Maxwell. After the cans of condensed milk were finished, Father washed them, hammered the edges and used them for ashtrays. The coffee cans were very useful too, we put all sorts of things in them.

I didn't drink coffee with milk but I drank milk with

coffee! Sugar there wasn't very sugarish; it was not exactly yellow, nor was it white. We saw "sanitary butter" but it didn't look so, so we never bought any butter. And jam? There simply was no jam, but everybody could do without jam for they could not understand what jam was.

Tang Lao Pan

By Meimei

Tang Lao Pan is a carpenter. He made our cabinets. Altogether he had about thirty people in his shack. The shack was made of mats and wooden poles stuck in the ground; men slept upstairs and women slept downstairs. They lived right opposite us, and we could see what they were doing because they had only three walls.

When we first arrived at Peipei we were looking for an amah. Tang Lao Pan and his "daughter-in-law" came to our house. His "daughter-in-law" was called Tingsao. She happened to be looking for a job, so we hired her. One night Tingsao and Mother were talking together and Anor and I were listening. Mother asked "Where is your husband," and Tingsao said, "My husband went to marry someone else!" We were all shocked, so we asked her what she meant and she said, "My husband was engaged to a girl somewhere else and when he came here he married me. Now he's off to marry that girl." When we heard this we laughed.

There was another story about Tang Lao Pan and his relatives. One day we heard Tang Lao Pan and his sister quarrel about something and after that almost every day we heard them quarrel until his sister had to move to another house, and as she went along the road

they were still shouting to each other till everybody came out to see what was the matter.

Tang Lao Pan never went to the dugout, nor did his family. One day they saw the Japanese airplanes throw some hand bills down from the airplanes.

Kan Tze Wan

By Anor

As we could not stand the fright in our exceptionally bad dugout, after a week or so we thought of going to the country, away from the village, when the air alarms came.

A friend of ours had found a place in the country where we could go. It was two or three miles from Peipei, and it took about forty minutes to walk.

Peipei was very hot at that time of the year, and we had come in to meet the worst "bombing season," as they called it. Heaven seldom blessed us with rain, and we had raids instead. The planes came on every fair day, and we expected them.

Each day, as soon as the red flag was hung up, which meant the planes had taken off from Hankow, we would load our baskets with boiled eggs and bread, and would start off under the clear sun. We walked and half of Peipei walked with us. We could see the stream of people going to the country to seek safety. We were all prepared for emergencies. We had to take off our very big straw hats which everyone wore in China and pile them together in case we met the planes on the way. We were prepared to lie in ditches or in the wet rice fields.

There was a color very popular in China, and that was the air raid color, an army green, and most of the

people wore it if they could, for if you lay in that kind of green dress on the ground and did not move, the planes would not be able to distinguish you from the grass. Red and white were forbidden as those were the colors that would attract attention. Anyone wearing a very bright red would be liable to be caught as a traitor. We had to take precautions. The Japanese would machine-gun any man at sight, or throw down a hand grenade.

It was a long walk and we had to hurry. It would always be the third alarm when we got to our house, and we never enjoyed the walk.

The house was rather big and empty, with several courtyards, a regular Chinese house. There was a school in the front, and students studied when there were no air raids. It was wonderful to see them singing the lessons with a woman teacher.

There in an inner courtyard was the Chen family, who knew our friend. They were very nice, and opposite theirs was an empty room where we always stayed. They were very nice people and very polite. Mrs. Chen would insist on our having lunch with them, and we would have to tell them we had boiled eggs in our bags. But they always took care to fix things for us. There in that room we would huddle together sitting on stiff chairs.

I tried to read during the air raid alarms but what was the use? Sometimes the planes came near, and sometimes far. We were told to go to the bamboo grove behind, where the danger would be smaller as they would bomb houses if they wanted to, and would not really bomb bamboo groves if they did not see people in them. But I was always in doubt about the accuracy

of the Jap pilots and thought they would sometimes miss the house and bomb the forest.

Once our planes and theirs were fighting and we could hear the bullets and machine-gunning. We were so afraid lest a bullet should fall and strike us. But they were not over our heads. Standing there in the woods, we would fold little things out of bamboo leaves, and stand them between branches. Each time I came out, I would make one, until I had many, and then the rain and wind would wash them down and I would start over again.

Another time the planes suddenly came and we had not time to go to the woods. The planes came panting that usual pant like a giant groaning, and you prepared to die. The noise sounded especially big in the house, and we were scared, we sweat, we shrank. It seemed that the planes were on our heads. That kept on for about fifteen minutes; they were circling around us. Our fright was increased when we heard that a secret military meeting was going on a mile from us. We were so afraid that we wished we hadn't come out to the country. We were almost sure they would bomb us, and as those moments of fright made one's head a block of wood, one was not able to think otherwise. We went to the side of the room, as there was a big beam at the center which would certainly have killed us if the house fell down. Such fright that never stopped was the worst thing in the world, as it meant that something terrible was going to happen, and you would not know when or how, but you would know it could happen now, and you would wait and wait sweetly for it to happen. It made us unsure, and all the time we were waiting

for the darn planes to lay eggs. It was awful. The planes kept buzzing around us like bumble bees.

We were so scared that we could think of nothing to say. Father tried to close the big door to the open courtyard as he felt sure nothing pleasant could happen now. The closed room only echoed the noises above louder.

Then the pounding died away and the planes were gone and we were safe.

I felt like wanting to scream out of desperation, and I wished I could go up into the air and fight them. If I was dead on account of the bombs, I thought, I would maybe turn into a ghost, and I would go up the sky and break all the pilots' necks and make the machine that dropped bombs out of order. Then the planes would have to fly back to Hankow, and as the bombs were not let off they would explode while landing. I thought and thought, until I thought myself crazy.

In the afternoons, after we heard the horns of cars tooting and people shouting and walking, and saw sedan chairs going, we would know that the all clear signal was given. As we went back, we had more time to look at the streets. There was Tien Sheng Chiao, the Natural Bridge, we had to pass. There were shops selling dry goods, and people came there on shopping days. There was a school, and we always saw little children at their desks. There was a very old man teacher with spectacles at the tip of his nose. The children would giggle and point at us as we passed, and the old teacher did not seem to see. He would keep on, the book in his hand so near his face it blocked him from the sight of his pupils. There was a family who had someone dead in the house, and they had hired a monk to say prayers for him. The monk did not seem

to mind the raids, and he would beat his gong and say his prayers. His gong was like the air raid alarm gong. Passers-by would shout to him,

"You! Still saying your prayers. Are you deaf? There is an air raid. Do you want to let the planes hear you beating the gong?" They would stretch their forefingers at the priest and he would shrink into his yellow robe and stop his prayers. He was an old man.

So we went back to Pepei every day at three or four or five. We were thankful for the day, and wished it would rain tomorrow. But there was still another like this to come, and still another. It will keep on until the war ends. . . .

At each air raid, I felt as if I was pushing a big rock, together with all the Chinese in the inland. Sometimes the rock broke a little and little pieces of stones were thrown upon us. Sometimes we got hit but most of the time we didn't. After each air alarm I felt we had pushed the rock forward a step. It was hard pushing but we were willing. For we knew that if we did not push the rock, the people on the other side would push toward us, and make us have no place even to set our feet on.

Pushing, pushing, pushing, we could and shall endure the raids and all, and we never thought otherwise.

Kan Tze Wan

By Adet

Kan Tze Wan was a substitute for dugouts and for a time we took to it gladly. For us, it meant the farmhouse six *li* or two miles away from Peipei. Mr. M. took us there the first time.

When the first alarm came, we could not see red flags raised in the town, but all the same we would know because our house was near the country road. We would see groups of young and old trudging along the way at a particular sort of air-raid pace. And when I stopped one of them and asked, "Air-raid?" he nodded and walked on. Air raid, our daily portion!

So gathering a few bags, with our thermos bottles slung across our shoulders, our straw hats tied under our chins, we joined the crowd. We were going away from an objective—a town with three main streets. The road was not crowded, but was full of this kind of pedestrians. Some had their bedding across their shoulders and bundles in their hands. Some, usually the young men, walked empty-handed. The old and sick were carried in sedan chairs followed by their families. The bound-foot women usually had a hard time. The tailor carried his iron, which was his "rice bowl." An iron was expensive; it cost \$25. Everyone had a straw hat on.

The line was formed casually, yet it was a regular line. So we trod along. Our going was on account of

an air raid. It was hot and everyone had something on his mind, it seemed. We all walked in the same direction; few would want to come into Peipei now! Sometimes a truck would roll by majestically, making a lot of dust for us. Little and still walking behind, I felt infuriated that my feet should be so slow! I was not worrying. If the planes should come, I could always hop down into the ricefields; if I should get hit, still it was the "first prize in the aviation lottery." Could I be so lucky, or unlucky? Anyway I would like to see the planes once more, as I had never seen them clearly with a cool head since the first bombing. I walked on, though rather reluctantly. The line got thinner as people turned off into the narrow paths between the ricefields. After some half an hour, we turned off the road, too, and went along a narrow path. After turns and twists, we came to the farm house where we were to find security until the raid was over.

Mr. M. was working for the Cultural Institute and one section of this farm house still belonged to the Institute. It was used as the office last summer before the new building in Peipei was erected.

The farm house was well hidden in a bamboo grove among tall trees, so it was hardly perceptible from the air. It was a regular old-fashioned Chinese house with courtyards. There was a row of empty rooms in the left wing, and it was there we stayed during air raids.

The first experience there was terrifying. I was actually never more scared in my life, I must confess. But I need not be ashamed of myself since it was pure lack of experience.

We sat on some stools that kindly Mr. and Mrs. Chen had lent us and sipped tea. Even in this farm

house there was tension. Children were hushed and elderly women talked in soft whispering voices. We always preferred to be silent or talk in whispers when the planes were heard. Perhaps it just came naturally when there was a threat of danger.

A piece of unlucky news came—a military council was holding a secret meeting in a farm house in this neighborhood. There could be spies, of course, so as we sat and fanned ourselves with the large straw hats we could not help joking half-seriously about it. Should the enemy get hold of the news and bomb the wrong house?

Even in the country here with only farm houses scattered between the ricefields, we were notified of the third alarm by a gong which a man struck along the road. Mr. M. had had long experience with air raids and he brought us here as he thought it would be safe, since he, himself, lived here last summer. When a batch of planes flew by, he walked away to the bamboo grove behind. And we remained inside. So as we silently waited for the hours to strike away, a faint droning was heard. "Planes!" We stood up, ready for any emergency. We closed the wooden door gently, as if afraid to be heard by the planes.

Japanese planes! It was the most horrible and hated noise in China. Every child knew it, even the Miao and Lolo people in far West China recognized it and knew it to hate it. When I heard it, my blood would boil and bubble, and even my fingernails and my pores knew how to hate and wanted to fight. This wordless, and yet so deep, utterance had for us a universal appeal, a clarion call to every Chinese to action. Even as I recount it now, the unforgettable sound rings in my ears.

It was my conscience to myself. Need anyone say that the Japanese were cruel? Need one say that war was terrible? It increased our hatred, and as a Chinese, among all the Chinese, I hated and was not ashamed of it. Yet what did I hate? Not individuals. I hated Japan as a nation, a vague term, yet it had for me many meanings. Japan the ambitious, Japan the cruel, Japan the beastly, Japan the invader of my country! If these Japans I mention could be got rid of, I should not hate Japan. But even if they died out, the memories would live yet for a long time.

When our soldiers killed Japanese on the battlefields, they were not thinking of those individual Japanese soldiers. Under the sporadic lights and explosions in the battlefields, they remembered only the Japans I mentioned, and they fought these. And when our pilots went up into the sky to bring Japanese planes down, they thought of the Japans I mentioned and not the Japanese pilots. Yes, in a war, individuals with human hearts had to be forgotten, to perish under a false name. I knew how a Japanese mother would feel when she received a jar of ashes called her son, but think also of the Chinese mother who saw her boy killed under her own eyes. Sorrow and suffering are everywhere in a war.

Yet here I felt, with the air raids on civilians and all, we were the most fortunate ones in the Sino-Japanese war. It was here that we had hope and we felt that through suffering we were attaining a better stage of life. There were a future and a prospect for us. In spite of some apparent obstacles, we felt that we were approaching an ideal of life, a better society. It was not only defending what we had but also building up the new. To know that temporary suffering was but a step

should break us. The suspense was horrible. We did not peep and so we stood defenseless, it seemed, waiting for the planes to destroy the house together with us. The whole thing lasted some ten minutes. We wondered how we could stand it. Nerves, nerves. I was green and white, my blood had frozen and I could not move. As the minutes went by, we began to wonder why they didn't drop the bombs. And finally, unbelievably, they flew away. I swung the door open and we collapsed into the chairs from total exhaustion, dripping with sweat; all three cups of tea had come out! Miracle!

Mr. M. came in and we looked at him in wonder. He had seen the planes, and we asked him what had happened. He was dry and cool. "The planes met a Chinese airplane and circled around high in the sky of Peipei and then went in the direction of Chungking. They must have been harassed by our plane. Ha-ha!" He could laugh! What? They did not circle around our roof about a hundred feet above us! We told him what we thought and Mr. M. said that the room was empty and spacious and we had closed the door so that the sound waves must have circled in our house and increased in volume until our sense of distance and direction of the noise was confused. Besides, when we could not see the planes, it was always more terrifying. What confounded great fools we were! Such a vain scare, but I was grateful it was only vain. We laughed, but were not able to laugh heartily, because that strange fear in our hearts had not totally disappeared.

Ever after that experience we went out to the bamboo grove, which had not the terrifying effect of an empty room. And we found better shelter against machine guns and hand grenades, as the grove was dense

and the bamboo bent very easily. When a hand grenade fell, its splinters could not fly far, and so the area of danger was reduced.

So at Kan Tze Wan, in those hot hours after lunch, one person would stand guard and listen to any possible sound resembling the Japanese airplanes, so that we could get to the bamboo grove before the planes were over our heads, and we were careful not to shake the bamboo or rustle too much. A moving object or a slight movement detected by the Japanese was the sign of a Chinese. The Japanese, you know, wanted to "demoralize" the Chinese!

There was false alarm when a bumble-bee hummed along, or a fly was searching for food, or when perhaps a squadron of Chinese airplanes flew by. We were accustomed to hearing Chinese planes only in solos or trios.

Kan Tze Wan was very interesting. Even here in an out-of-the-way place, reverberations of the great shake-up in China could be felt. In front in two rooms was an elementary country school. The rooms, though having dirt floors, were clean and neat. On the white-washed wall were posted paintings and writings of the students, besides illustrations of tanks, airplanes and machine guns. On the blackboard were some clumsy characters written by some little child who had just learned to read. The spaces which were meant for doors and windows did not have doors and windows set to them, but were left empty. Yet these were classrooms like any other classrooms. We saw the students in class only once, as when the alarm sounded even this little school in a farm house had to disperse. The students

were just country lads from this neighborhood who, had there been no war, would never get a chance to learn to read. The class was free and the teachers were paid by the Ministry of Education, which also subsidized the school. This was one of the many things the Ministry had done since the war broke out. Teachers, along with everyone else, fled from the enemy and migrated into West China. They were out of jobs by the hundreds and so the Ministry of Education set up such an organization to let the teachers earn a livelihood, and at the same time extend literacy among the people. Four classes were held in this tiny school, two in the mornings and two in the afternoons in each room.

The central rooms were occupied by a big family, natives of Szechuen, and over the right wing was another family from Anhuei. Mr. and Mrs. Chen were from the northwest part of Hupei, where recently severe battles had been fought. Another man from the Cultural Institute was from Chekiang, and Mr. M., I think, was from Kiangsu, and we are from Fukien. What richness and diversity of dialects! Only the war could do this—unite the people together. What a diversity of manners and conceptions and ways of living in this little farm house! So many stories to be told!

For lunch here we brought buns and bought hard-boiled eggs and tea from a woman who owned a shed on the roadside. Because of the location she had extraordinary business. Mr. M., who made it possible for us to come to Kan Tze Wan, was particularly fond of eggs. Father bought about fifteen eggs, and Mr. M., doubting whether there would be enough, always bought some extra six or eight. Our bags could barely hold those

Father bought, so the ones Mr. M. bought were stuffed away in pockets and held between fingers.

Lunchtime, in Kan Tze Wan, was about an hour earlier than usual. We brought out all the eggs and buns and boiled water and made tea. Picnic à l'air-raïd!

There was one courtyard we discovered later and began to like very much. Part of it was covered with an overhanging roof and the other part was uncovered. We used to sit there as it was the coolest place in the afternoon. It was always quiet all around. There was a stack of old magazines. One day I picked up a magazine and saw in it a most touching article by the widow of a pilot, written on the anniversary of her husband's death. It was in simple language, yet her recollections and her hope in the future would touch a man with a heart of stone. As I read it, I could hear Chinese scouting airplanes in the sky, searching and searching for any sign of an enemy plane. I laid the magazine down. What were we to do?

There was no all-clear signal in the country, so we told ourselves when it was time to go home. Kan Tze Wan was always pleasant. Nothing was foreign here. Only here did we forget every foreign experience we had. It was here that I felt most at home. On the way back, we would go across the ricefields to the road. Once we met a group of country lads going along talking jovially and all of a sudden came the school teacher, and they stopped joking automatically. They became very quiet school kids and bowed to the teacher. Not until the teacher was quite some distance off did they begin to joke again and became country lads once more.

On the road, we saw people going back to Peipei. We told ourselves that it was all clear and everyone came

out about the same time. And besides, there were country people coming to town. Everyone looked exhausted from the heat and the tension. Coming back always seemed longer, because there was no fear of encountering enemy planes on the way.

Dugout Life

By Anor

People in Peipei were like people everywhere in free China. The air raids came and we accepted them. When they did not come, we counted that as something extra. When for three or four bright days they did not come, which was the case when they had done some crazy bombing a few days before and wanted some rest, we said the Japs were getting wise. When they came again, the people went to the dugouts without complaint.

What was left in life was not money or property; everyone wanted his life and cared for nothing more. Money came and went, and people lived according to it. If times were good we bought a few more chickens a week, and if not, we could do without them. Women shared their troubles together. Life was so simple. People only worked to feed a mouthful. The rich and poor were now equal; each had but one life. What of money or jewels, houses or the land? Everything was meaningless now. Everything was simple. Our joys were the same; it was when we shot down five or six planes a day and we cheered our air force. Our complaints were when the raids came too often and stayed too long, or when the prices of things went high. The pitiful sight of an old woman going in and out of a dugout was shared by all.

What was a chair, a table, a house? They were all

empty, they did not exist. If we were without them we could sit on floors; if we had them, they were luxuries, and we were thankful that we still had them. We thanked Heaven when it rained, and we would go to town and fool around the streets and laugh while we still could.

But the people were not sad. The responsibility of things men had was suddenly lifted. Each had his purpose in life too, to live and get from life every hour it could spare. We had a common purpose, too, and we were all waiting for a day—the day when we win the war! Then sirens and gongs will beat and everyone will not care or fear. The firecrackers will crackle and rattle all day!

“When we win, I shall go and get drunk all the way to Peking!”

“I am going to dance in the streets with any man!”

“I am going to buy a store of firecrackers and give them to everyone. ‘Have you fired a cracker?’ I shall ask them, and if they shake their heads and say they haven’t, I shall say, ‘Here, take these and fire to your heart’s content.’”

“I shall buy that gong that beats for air raids and I shall beat it till my ear rings and my arms turn stiff!”

“I shall shout all day until my voice is hoarse and I shall not care!”

“I shall wear all red, and I shall curl my hair and act like a Shanghai lady and crawl on the streets!”

Then in the midst of our favorite talk, alarms would shriek and in every Chinese heart there was a feeling as if a knife was going to cut.

We would go to dugouts with new courage.

“Some day, some day. . . .”

Kialing River

By Adet

It was a bright morning and we were sure the enemy planes would come again. But was the air raid going to keep us home all the time? No. Near by was a hot spring and there, it was said, were natural caves with stalactites and stalagmites. So one day we started off quite early to the north hot spring, in a week-end mood.

We went down, passed through the town and came to the river bank. There were boats loading and unloading, always extremely busy, and there were noises of timber knocking against timber mingled with human voices. Some barges were filled with vegetables piled up high, some filled with chickens cackling in the cages, and timber and furniture. With the boats and the bargaining at the market, Peipei seemed really quite a busy town at this point. The river bed was broad here; there was a rapid current with round and smooth rocks standing above the water. Sometimes we would see only the top of the rocks; today, the river being low, we could see a whole stretch of them. This was where Peipei derived its name. *Pei* was "north" and *P'ei* was "rocks in the river." So it was "northern rocks," which sounds queer and unnatural in English, but not so in Chinese.

We walked along the narrow path on the bank. On our right was the river and on our left a high cliff with

occasional caves which were indeed very good dugouts because the bombs would roll down into the river before exploding. The river flowed very fast and we could see boats going downstream swiftly and smoothly, while those going upstream were pulled by the boatmen on the shore dragging their long ropes across their shoulders. We could see everyone, going downstream or upstream, was hurrying, and we ourselves had to hurry, as we didn't like the idea of being caught by the bombers while strolling along the bank. After walking two miles, we reached a place where boats for hire were stationed and got into one of them. The boat was very clean and wide; the unpainted wooden boards were shiny and smooth from long use. We sat on the boards put across the two sides of the boat with our feet dangling and sailed for the hot spring. The breeze was cool and the cloth cover protected us from the sun and it was most refreshing after a walk in the sun. It was delightful. We were going to enjoy ourselves and forget everything, every single thing!

We went slowly upstream. Close on both sides of the river were high mountains standing straight up. And from below on the water they looked huge and impressive, like natural fortresses on the river. At one point the river and the mountain cliffs formed a typical Szechuen gorge. The mountains were wildly covered with short trees and ivies, dark green against the brownish river water. But something was bothering us; it was like wearing a sweater too many on a warm day. Our house might be gone when we got back today together with all the things—that was a common thought in these air-raid days. There might be an air raid, but there were caves at the spring. The bothering thing was

the bag containing the valuables which we carried to the dugouts. Usually going away at the signal of the alarm I didn't mind carrying it. It was a part of the air-raid program. But today we were on an excursion and there should be no duties and nothing important like this bag. We took turns in carrying it and I was always glad to hand it over to someone else.

As the boat went on and we sat restfully on the boards, we began to notice a house all alone, on a hill, surrounded by a beautiful grove. Father pointed it out as a wonderful place to live in, far from an air objective. It was too lonely perhaps, and Mr. C. remarked that it was called the haunted house and no one cared to live in it. It was a wet blanket, but I was very much relieved and so were Anor, Meimei, and Mother, I am sure, that Father didn't want to prove the fallacy of superstition and seriously consider living in that house. It might be superstition, I don't care. Let me be superstitious.

Soon we were at the hot spring and climbed a flight of steps up to the very top. We were out of breath, anxious to find a shady place, but were surprised at the neatness of the hot spring which was only a park. We went along further and further. It was beautiful. There was a guest house named, "Count-the-sails Tower."

No airplanes nor any news of air raids. After lunch, in that after-dinner lazy manner, we strolled to the two magnificent temple buildings. But lo and behold! One of them was converted into a recreation room and the other into a barber shop. It was almost a shock. What an age now, what chaos! I was in a mood to worry over the present world. Seeing these temples made one want to sigh and exclaim, "What a time!" A pingpong table

was set up in front of a Kuanyin goddess and the ping-pong ball would often hit one of the many arms of Kuanyin. Near the table were miniature bowling and other games set up on small tables. In the right wing of this temple was a library with current pictorial and other magazines. The library was all right. Then in the other temple, with dignified stone steps leading to it, under the terrifying eyes of the Four Diamond Buddhas was a barber in white uniform trimming the hair of a man who lay comfortably with closed eyes on a revolving enameled chair. No wonder the eyes of the Buddhas were so terrifying! But the little barber was quite satisfied, blinking his eyes and daintily holding the customer's head. The temple had a high ceiling and tall, wide doors, so the breeze came in freely and it was most comfortable to have one's hair cut there.

The temple was never a sanctuary in China, I knew that, but I could not help being surprised to hear students shouting, "twelve-all," "fifteen-sixteen!" in English in such close proximity to an incense tripod.

No planes had come yet and probably none would come today. We went into the caves. It was wise of us to bring the flashlight, but Mother after a peep at the dark and narrow crevice which was the entrance, decided to stay out. Mr. C. stayed out too.

So we went down. From the first knock on my head against an overhanging rock, it was as if I had entered another world. It was inhumanly cold and unfathomably dark. The forms were weird and the passage very difficult. Sometimes we had to crawl or hold on to the wet wall for support. I prayed that the battery might not go out at this moment. It would not be so pleasant. We went down the paths, crawling under more rocks,

and saw that we were one layer under the path we had passed a minute ago. We went further and further down until we were some four layers under the first steps. And then we had reached the end. It was muddy and getting more than muddy already. Deep down we could hear the gurgling of an underground stream. We had better turn back now. I was infinitely thankful that there was no air raid today. It would be disastrous to find shelter here, for if a bomb should come through from the little crevices above, we would be literally trapped. Any stalactite might fall and block our way out. Think of our skeletons lying cold here! I express my thanks to whatever made the Japanese air force commander decide not to make a trip today.

Father fooled us at a dangerous point by announcing that our battery had run out. We knew that he did it in jest, yet the thrill and horror of those seconds were by no means reduced because it was make-believe.

Soon we were in the warm sun again.

About four o'clock we went down to the bank and stepped into a boat. It had been fun. Here we sat and let the water carry the boat down. Before it reached Peipei the river was placid and the green mountains were still as ever, in the soft mellow light of late afternoon. In that calm silence the landscape had a profound and innate dignity. Happily exhausted after a day of fun we were in the mood to let all that was around us permeate our beings.

Along came a barge loaded with timber. The boatmen were singing as they worked their oars backward and forward. There were six on each side of the barge and their movements were in rhythm with the song. The type of song they sang was something we had never

heard. Probably it was a wordless song that had sprung forth naturally from the boatmen and had never been recorded. The voices came across the water and up the hills, strong and powerful, a workers' song and not parlor music. Oh, this landscape, this people! In that state of weariness I absorbed all this hungrily. And it was not something I could keep silent to myself. It should be known to the world, to everyone, that our country was a lovely land. The barge passed and left us behind. I cannot express it well; words only make it seem vulgar. It was such a wonderful thing to be inspired by the greatness of the earth. When one is inspired, the person and the idea become one and one can cast away all the senses and desires, so that only the soul lives, free like a bird in the boundless sky.

War, bombs, shrapnel, people, the mountains, the river, suffering and relief, all had strangely melted into one idea, one sensation, and only that sensation existed for me at that moment. It was ecstasy of the spirit. How wonderful that the human being should be able to taste such sublime joy!

Hazelwood

By Meimei

In Peipei we never ate any foreign food, and someone was clever enough to open a restaurant where one could get foreign food, coffee and ice cream. The restaurant was called Hazelwood. Mr. M. liked the food there very much and so he went there every day.

The owner of Hazelwood was a Shanghainese. He used lots of money to transport the things from Shanghai, but he made lots of money out of that restaurant. He decorated it very prettily. The pictures on the wall of Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable were drawn by him; they really looked like the real persons. There were two floors, the upper floor for Chinese meals and the lower one for foreign meals. Hazelwood was very popular in Peipei. Coffee and condensed milk were sold there. We went to eat there twice. The service was very bad; we had to wait half an hour till one plate was served.

In Peipei we did not have electric lights until seven o'clock. When the room was suddenly lit a shout of "ah's" went around the room. But somehow the light made me sleepy. I don't know why during the second bombing Hazelwood was burned to ashes. They tried to get some of the things out but that was only a little. When we got the news, we said to each other "Where will Mr. M. eat?" When we visited it again there was only a piece of ground.

Sung Dugout

By Anor

As Kan Tze Wan seemed farther and farther from home every day, our landlady was so kind as to introduce us to a private dugout, the dugout of the Sungs who had twelve children, from over thirty to two. The dugout was safe from bombs, we thought. So we gladly went to that dugout whenever there was a raid. The cave was unusually bright as they had painted the rocks white and opened two deep and very narrow windows. Several other guests were there too, so that sometimes the cave became quite crowded. One of the two or three telephones in Peipei was installed in the dugout as part of the air alarm network.

As we went there every day, we were quite familiar with it, and rather liked it and the people, some nice, some pitiful, some so selfish they supplied the dugout with fun. There was Mrs. H——, the "Hygienist" as she called herself, and her children. Oh, you don't know what important members of the dugout they were! She and the three children always occupied one of the two benches in each room. She was fat, dirty and smelly. She was loud, ungracious, and low. Yet, she was a doctor, a missionary college graduate.

"Hmmm!" she boasted. "You don't know me! The other day, when old Mrs. Li was almost dead, was it not for me, well, she would be dead by now. 'Hey,' my

mother-in-law said, 'there is no such hurry!' and if I had listened to her, what would you say now? So I finished the rice left in my bowl and went and looked at her groaning. If I had gone one minute later! . . . and that little granddaughter of hers! The whole family had put themselves in my hands."

She had three daughters, one just a smaller issue of her, one very thin and cunning, and a boy, the spoiled child. The eldest stayed at school most of the time.

Such a woman and such children! One day, as the planes flew very near, she shocked me by singing "Marching through Georgia" to her nine-year old son. Mrs. H—— was the type that was willing to dig up bad news about everything and spread it like good news.

One day father was saying Germany had 20,000 air planes, and Mrs. H—— just heard the 20,000 and she immediately shouted to everyone:

"Listen, Mr. Lin says Japan has 20,000 planes to bomb us, no wonder, did you hear that, Mr. Yang, 20,000?" Another way of hers was to pick up little bits that the telephone man had said while telephoning, and shout them to everyone. One day she heard that Father and some of the men had gone to a place, and immediately she came back with the news that the Japs had bombed that place, until the telephone man had to deny it. Whenever there was only the second alarm, she would say, "No, it is the third. I had just come out from home when I heard it, 000000000. They certainly came fast!" and she would laugh, showing her mouthful of golden teeth.

As part of the air alarm network, there were two

men sent to talk over the phone. They had to shout so that they could be heard.

"Hello, hello, hello! What? Hochuan? This is Peipei. Planes over Hochuan? Toward Peipei? No, not here. . . . Bombing heard? Where, southward?" Then the man would hang up and turn the crank again, and shout to Chungking or some other place, "Peipei calling, planes over Hochuan, toward Peipei, Peipei." Very soon we would hear planes over our heads.

"Planes over Peipei, Peipei. Hello, Chungking, Chungking, not Chungking? Chungking? Chungking wire cut? Bombed? Where? Who? Oh. . . ." That was the way they shouted, and once when they had to hold the line, I heard him shouting, "What did you have for lunch? Nothing? I had corn, CORN!" and he laughed merrily.

Often we could hear the bombing of Chungking, the deep, heavy sounds of explosion.

"Hello. . . . Planes flying over Peipei, toward Chungking, 30 of them. . . . Who? No, no bombs, just flying toward you. . . ."

The shouting kept on, and every day they had to shout from the beginning of a raid till about the end when not much news came, and we would know the planes would be leaving soon.

We had become less afraid and by the experience of listening to many sounds, could tell where they were flying, and whether they were near or far. We could tell whether it was the bombing of Chungking or of some other place. We could tell our planes from theirs. The banging of a door from a bombing far away, the air alarm or the homing pigeons' bells, our pursuit planes or fighters, Japanese scouting planes or their

bombers. We could hear sounds very far away. Our ears were trained to detect any little sound and we became more conscious of our hearing. Everything went on smoothly until after a while there was the second bombing of Peipei.

Mrs. H—— and Her Family

By Meimei

Mrs. H—— is a very, very fat woman. She has four children and a mother-in-law. She fills the dugout with an unbearable smell. But the worst part of her are her children, and the worst part of her children is the sissy boy. He wanted to be a big brother and a baby all at the same time. When his tooth ached he cried, and he ate a biscuit soaked in water as if it was as delicious as ice cream. He ate the biscuits after his mother chewed them. And when he wanted to feel like a big brother, he would go and pat Mr. Sung's grandson. He himself had to be patted to sleep too.

They covered the dugout with bits of biscuit, bread crumbs, and egg shells. Everybody hated them including Mr. H——. When he was there she was as quiet as a mouse. He scolded her for letting the children eat raw plums. They both were doctors and spoke English. Mr. H—— worked in a hospital somewhere in the mountains and sometimes he came for a day or two. While he was away the mother-in-law was most pitiful; she was pinched and slapped by her granddaughter while they munched bread and gave her nothing. They occupied so much space that sometimes Mr. Sung didn't have a seat.

Mr. and Mrs. Sung are very nice people, they never

complained of anything. Sometimes they never sat on benches, but sat in corners on little stools. Although they were the owners they let the guests have the best seats.

Second Bombing

By Adet

We were in the Sungs' dugout when we heard the explosion. The bombs had fallen too near, too near, and those were breathless seconds. The people in the cave were aghast. There was an impulse to go out and see, but the older people advised all to wait. Impatiently we heard the droning become inaudible and the doors of the caves were flung open. Whose house? Fire? Where? How big? How many? I was eager to have a look, too. Everyone had lost his balance, with the heart floating in the air. The cave had shaken violently, but the cave was all right. I went out, too. Yes, bombed. I wanted to strike someone. There was a cloud of dust all around. A farmhouse near by had caught fire. A black column of smoke was rising downtown. Our house was still standing there with a layer of dust on it. A crater lay near Mrs. Yang's house! Some rushed down to see about the damage; others stood. I watched with knitted brows. Our home was safe, but . . .

Near by below the slope, an old man was going in and out of the burning house and moving out his bedding, tables, and stools most calmly, as if the fire was not there. He was not putting out the fire. Why? We got impatient as he went in and out of the house. He kept moving. Far off was another fire. The area of explosions was larger this time. There was smoke rising

also in the direction of the Kiangsu Hospital. I was miserable and agitated. None of my limbs was steady. I rushed in and out telling Mother about the scene outside. There was no all-clear signal and we could not go down. Something was missing in all of us and an empty void was in every heart. The Sung's home was safe, but Mrs. Yang's house was badly damaged. There was a larger crater about 100 feet down the slope in the fields. The mud was yellow with sulphur. It was an incendiary bomb, but there was nothing to burn. The old man was still moving in and out and didn't even look at the fire. That black column of smoke in town had widened and lengthened. It was painful all around, painful to see the people inside the cave talking and remarking, painful to see Peipei. When I turned around again and looked at the old man the fire had died out, mysteriously. It was only smoking now! Was there someone inside the house helping to put out the fire? Half of the hut was still intact!

It was a long time before the all-clear signal came, and we all hurried down. It was different today. A man from the telegraph bureau came by and laughingly said that his bedding was burned as he had tried to smother the fire with it. All was fine except the burned holes in the bedding.

We went home. All the locks and nails had jumped out. One door had fallen down. We had worried about Fusao who had not gone into a shelter because of her headache. She was laughing and laughing about her fright. She had dived under a table at the last minute, when she sensed that there was something wrong. It was dusty everywhere and many pieces of glass had been broken. Our beds were covered with a coat of dust.

Part of the ceiling in the hall had collapsed, and the tiles on the roof had slipped down. We were surprised to see the way the locks were jerked out.

Some people were running in the streets, but all around one heard the sweeping of broken glass. I could not retain my usual calmness. No one could. I fussed around and could not sit still. We went up the slope and saw the fire increasing. The cook prepared supper and we ate as usual, and then retired very early.

There was nothing now for me to do, and I wanted to sleep very much, and yet I lay on the bed feeling that I was there only by chance; I could not sleep. It was excitement, that emptiness in the heart. Perhaps a piece of my mind was missing and that space was only filled with agitating excitement. The road near our house, usually very quiet, was noisy with footsteps. The sky was glowing with fire in the east. Fire, destruction! So there should be life and death, sorrow and joy. I wished it were the fault of only one man and that all this would end with his life.

I could see what had happened as purely physical events. Fire that one saw with eyes, footsteps that one heard with ears and dust and broken glass that one felt with one's hands. All was so clear and straight. Some Jap turned a switch and a bomb fell through the air, and when it hit a house it exploded; it became little pieces of shrapnel, and the shrapnel, caked with sulphur, touched something and that something burned. There was fire and that fire burned down a house and the house was gone, and a family did not have a place to sleep. It was all as simple as that; but I wished it were something more complicated that had brought about such emotional tension. Its simplicity horrified

me. There was no breeze in that hot summer night to come through my window. The mosquito net did not move. It was fever outside and fever inside, and I went into a sleep that knew no heat and chill, no right and wrong, no you and me.

When I woke in the morning I thought I had been greatly excited last night. I remembered the bombing as a fact but not as a glass of liquor that had made me drunk. But I could not yet go about my studies. I wanted to forget my feelings.

It was said that the whole market was burned down together with the crowded houses around it. Only one row of houses stood along the bank, and the rest was gone. People had fought against the fire all night, but wooden houses burned too fast. All night people were moving out to the country. It was a bright day now. There was air raid again, and air raid each day for the following five days. We went to town in the afternoon of the next day. It was right after an air raid. On the country road everyone wore an anxious look and they were holding their noses. We were puzzled, but we could understand why when we entered the town. Everyone changed his expression suddenly and held his nose. What was it? We went inside a book store as everyone was clearing out of the street. Carrying the dead! Why hold noses? I told myself because the man that was, smelled now. I heard four men approaching with a load. The shopkeeper's eyes grew tense with excitement. On a sudden impulse, inexplicable, I turned around to the street and looked. A glance was enough and I turned my head away. I was holding my nose tight with my hand. I had to hold on to something. And then I saw all the faces around me; they were all ex-

pressing sympathy and sorrow. All were like children afraid of a monster. A monster that they were afraid of and would not like to think about. A monster that threatened everything they had.

Death was a monster to us. The heavy stamping footsteps went away, and men and women coming out of stores filled the street where something horrible had passed. Something we feared and something that was one of us. We all said, "*Ko lian!* Pitiful!"

Pitiful. We pitied him that was bombed; we pitied him whose life was taken away from him; we pitied him whom we abhorred now. It could have been one of us—any one. He must have been staying in the country. He was then without a family. Here he was to be taken away, buried, and remembered as a victim of bombing. Was he an old man, a shopkeeper, a farmer? I saw only his lungs and intestines already purple from the sunlight. He was merely rolled in a mat. Was he a good man, a bad man, an ambitious or a self-centered one? No one knew and no one had to know, for we all knew he was once a man and his stubborn opinions were irrelevant. We did not have to know. All the living persons around us felt the same way I did. Life was warm and healthy. We went down the street and each was silent. There was no need for words, and we could only let that strange thought in ourselves boil itself out and evaporate away. We had to wait because there was a lot of it. Everyone in town had seen it and had that strange look at the presence of death, but they continued their work.

Arriving at the street corner, we suddenly stood aghast at what was before us. What, all gone, like that fire itself! All leveled to the ground. There must have

been a hundred houses burned. Burned, changed into that black smoke we saw, and disappeared into the clouds. We looked down at the baked bricks mingled with little pieces of glass and rubbish near our feet and saw that there was a stretch of it hundreds of feet long. I could not believe my eyes. For in that empty space where I could point my finger through, there had been a shop where we had bought some stools. It had been most crowded, and in that upper space where birds could fly through now, there had been a second floor and people slept on it. But now how could the people sleep in that space? It seemed our sight suddenly had quickened; usually one would see after a period of a hundred years, little pieces of the wall crumble down and the beams rot gradually, so that the change was hardly noticeable. And now it was like a man who had been imprisoned for thirty years and come out to step into a different world and to see his sons already growing beards. It was too sudden, too drastic and we could not take it. Children were fumbling in the ruins looking for something valuable they could save. A few had put up mat sheds right upon the ruins that had been their homes. Everyone stopped and looked, because it was unbelievable. Young and old stopped and felt the same thing. There was a notice posted on a wall asking all those homeless to go across the river to the Fu Tan University where they would find shelter and food. That in itself was a sign of new life, of hope amidst ruins.

Ruins always make people feel the futility of life, wealth, and ambition, for ruins represent time. Ruins are symbolic of natural deterioration, and therefore always touching. But at that moment we were not

thinking of that; we were thinking of all those made homeless, of our fellow men and women. We walked away and strolled up into the living part of Peipei. We met another victim; we hurried into a shop to avoid it and held our noses, but he was in a coffin.

We bought a few things and went home. The living were still living and in a few days' time they would forget about the dead. It was only a withered leaf among the green leaves, a dead squirrel among many living squirrels. On the wayside, there was an automobile burned to a charred skeleton. It was even comical. There was a large crater about twelve feet in diameter, stained all around with yellow of sulphur.

The Buddhists say, "When you look at a beautiful girl, try to see the skeleton in her." Buddhists were wise like time or like God without age, but I didn't care to be wise. Let my senses fool me, as senses do fool people. I couldn't remain wise, for if I remained wise I could not live. I saw my knuckles move and a dog barked at me. The woman washing clothes at a wooden tub looked up at me because her dog had barked. To live, that was what I wanted and I wanted to enjoy things and please my senses. Let me see only the beautiful girl and not that skeleton in her, because this afternoon I had seen a skeleton. And I would see only the beautiful girl. It would be much better to sleep forever than to be a wise man and see the girl and the skeleton at the same time.

I had seen Peipei emerge out of this disaster, and it stood proud and strong and even more lovable, for Peipei saw only the beautiful girl; and because it had seen the skeleton it wanted more than ever to see only the beautiful girl. Peipei was right, its vision was correct

and I should follow its example. And it should come out gloriously. China was the same, and through the struggle, she, likewise, should emerge gloriously. Peipei could never perish because its essence could never be destroyed, as the essence or spirit of China could never be destroyed.

The intoxicating liquid in me had not yet evaporated away and the supper was tasteless. What I saw that night would come to me time and again; time would heal that wound but would leave a mark for us always to remember it by.

Second Bombing

By Anor

That morning I woke up feeling something wrong. It was going to be the thirteenth air raid if there was going to be one that day. The Japs, having bombed and raided madly and finished the ten-day raids, had gone to rest for five days, and as an excuse, said something through the radio broadcasts, for some people told us the Japs had announced one week's vacation for us. But on the fifth day they came.

Every day it was almost a pain to look at the sky. We had to see if it was going to be a clear or wet day, and it was most often clear.

What a pain it was, as if forced to step on a sharp blade. Each day from nine to five it would be like that.

At eight we would try not to think of air raids, and when the hour approached nearer and nearer, we would get tense and nervous.

As we read, there would be interruptions, getting up to see from our back door whether there were people in front of the dugouts on the cliff on our right. Then I would get so nervous I would have to go and sit on the porch and look at the people and I thought I was the most afraid of all. If I saw many people going toward the dugouts I would go and shout to our servant:

"Go, go and see if the red flag is hung up. Hurry!" Sometimes he went but sometimes he did not.

Or our landlady, who was just as afraid, would come and see. Often, I heard her voice calling, "Mrs. Lin! Mrs. Lin!" which meant an air raid again. She had offered to inform us whenever there was one.

"Mrs. Lin! Mrs. Lin!"

The landlady's sharp voice often rang in my ears, and I would prick up my ears and then know it was imagination.

But most of the time there would be a call every day. As soon as we knew there was going to be an air raid, we would prepare ourselves until the siren for the second alarm was given and then go to the dugouts.

It always took so long to start. There would be the forgetting of a handkerchief or the locking of a door—excuses to go to the house again. Was it the feeling we had not realized that we wanted to go into the house again which might be destroyed by the time the all-clear signal sang? I did not know.

On that particular day, the twenty-fourth of June, the Japs once more bombed Peipei. We went to the dugout as usual. The planes flew and flew, and we sat there waiting. The adventurous young men usually went out to see, while their wives and mothers sat inside in fright.

Suddenly, that time, they rushed in! Hardly had they come in when I heard blasts, explosions. All the people piled to the inner side of the cave; no one uttered a sound.

The blasts continued. We knew they were very close. Smoke came through the narrow windows; the smell of sulphur gushed in and filled the cave.

Then the planes went away. We got up. My body was sweating and my dress was almost wet. Probably

our house was bombed; we could not tell. I did not want to go out and see, it would be too awful.

Father went out, and saw a few craters near our house, but it was not bombed. This time it was closer than the first time. A bomb had exploded twenty feet from our entrance. The door of our landlady's house had fallen down. Smoke had risen, mixed with dust.

Later I went out to see, too. Fire was there in seven or eight spots, but most of the bombs had missed and were only burning up a few trees.

Our young landlady, Mrs. Yang, began to cry because her step-mother-in-law, who was a very old lady, had refused to come, and only hid in a small shelter behind her house where valuable things were kept. She might have died of shock. The landlady began to want to go home and see, but others stopped her.

That nasty Mrs. H—— began to laugh, and her daughter pointed to Mrs. Yang when she was not there and said, "Ha, ha, ha, she cried!" Mrs. H—— began to talk, happy that this raid would supply her with material for gossip. "Ha! I knew something was going to happen when the bench fell down this morning. Look at that fire! That is Mrs. Li's house, hah, pity them, they had just bought new bedding yesterday. 'Better not buy it,' I had told them, but heh! who would listen? Now, I told you so!"

No one paid any attention to her.

The flames kept on, burning, burning. Our fire squad had already gone to put out the fire, but at several places the fire was too big to put out. The one on the riverside was very large. That was where they sold all the bamboo ware and the market was there.

Black flames of anger rose into the sky. I began to

worry about our maid who had a headache and refused to come to the dugout.

As the all-clear signal was given, each one ran to his home.

All the nails and locks of our house had popped out at the shock. Pieces of ceiling plaster had fallen down, glass had broken, and our maid was already cleaning the floor.

"I was asleep," she said, "when the old carpenter down there and the rest shouted that the planes were not flying right today. Then I heard noises. And I stooped under the dining table while things fell to pieces."

We collected a piece of shrapnel in our garden. The damage was counted as nothing compared with Mrs. Yang's house. "I shan't know whether to repair it or not," she groaned, "what shall I do? I don't think I shall repair it, and get it bombed again." All the ceilings in her rooms and the glass and everything had broken.

The crater made by the bomb near our house was quite big, and around it was yellowish green sulphur. It was an incendiary bomb then.

Luckily the old lady of the Yang family had only fainted.

The next day, though we thought food would not be available, since the burning of the whole marketplace was disastrous, business went on as usual on a clear spot!

On the night of the bombing, I had heard people shouting and panting, as if carrying something very heavy. I dared not get up to see and luckily I didn't. It would have made my heart turn green with fright. They were people carrying coffins from the bombed

hospital at night, with blood dripping from them and torchlights crackling in the dark.

The hospital was bombed; that was the bomber's aim. We were told that Peipei had three objectives, the hospital, the bank, and the university.

After the Bombing

By Anor

When we thought the horrors after bombing would be over, we went to the streets to see the damage done.

On the way, so many people were putting handkerchiefs against their noses that we asked them what was the matter. They did not answer, but only pointed toward the main street and shook their heads grimly. We walked on. I saw four men with their noses and mouths muffled. They were coffin carriers.

I began to think it not so good an idea to see the streets, but we kept on. As we went through the streets the shops that were so familiar were ruined, bullet holes were in others. I felt miserable.

Suddenly people began to take out their handkerchiefs and rush to the sides of the road. I looked behind, and saw four of those men carrying something. Mother, catching it all, gave me a handkerchief hurriedly and I rushed into the back of a new book shop. I closed my eyes in terror, and dared not breathe. The people in the book shop took out their handkerchiefs too. For a moment there was only quiet in the streets except the panting and shouting of the four men.

We came out again. I caught a glance of the thing, wrapped in a sheet of bad straw mat only; blood had wet it all. Mother and Adet saw it and said that he

was burnt black, the heart, liver, and intestines all running out from his body.

Oh! I did not want to hear or walk more. It was bad enough. He, who a few days ago must have been walking in the street where we were walking, now was now dead and in that shape. People rushed away from him now, and feared his presence. How unkind we all were! I felt so sorry for him. It was what war did to him. He must have been a nice man; no one could seem evil now. He, who was entitled to life, who was meant to live as others did, had now his life taken away from him, his body disshaped. His friends had deserted him, no one wanted him now, that is why he had only a mat to lie upon at death, forever and ever—till when?

War, bombs, war, bombs! Oh, why did people have to fight each other? To spend one's childhood surrounded with the air of war, one's youth forced to play with guns and bullets, and to end one's life early at the battlefield at home. Why could not one just live quietly, shut out from the world? With no worries, no burden, no trouble to cling to his life, for there was no one to kill him, and let death take him when it was time? Why, above all, could not people across a big sea live peacefully?

I walked on through the streets to the riverside where everything was burned. The place where we bought a chair only a week ago was now gone. It seemed impossible, but it was true. In its place now were ashes and dust, and emptiness filled the rest. The crowded streets were gone, the children playing there were gone, there was only emptiness on the riverside. There were a few old ladies left, picking up what was left of what was once their home. Some boys were pick-

ing up shrapnel which was sold for eighty cents a catty. The Japs had forgotten to think of that. The heat of the fire three days ago was still there. The whole riverside had burned; it swept through the streets and stopped at a certain store. Burned poles, ashes, broken bricks, broken jars, littered the ground. Old ladies picked up things with tears dripping from their noses; they had lived to see their homes destroyed and everything that was theirs gone.

All the streets seemed covered with dirt and death. We seemed to be living in a town of ghosts and I felt that the earth I stepped on had been stepped on by the dead and the place was meant for the dead.

Peipei had lost its calm and sweetness, there was only a strong, gaunt skeleton of it left. People now were all keyed up, doing things in a fury and not exactly knowing what had happened. People greeted each other with "Lucky to see you still here today" or, "Here I am, still alive!"

But people were already planning to build new homes. I saw an old lady who had spread a piece of blue cloth on the floor and was already selling her things, soap, cigarettes, and toothbrushes.

The day after the bombing, the Japs had come again and dropped little sheets of paper telling us not to fight any more, and that Chungking was about to be bombed to pieces. They had meant it to be effective after the bombing, but the bombs only made us hate them, loathe them all. How could a little sheet touch our hearts? We laughed and threw the sheets away. Bombs could not destroy our determination to fight on. How could little sheets of silly poems do it? The Japs were desperate, and we were not.

Dugout Life

By Adet

Day in and day out, we went to shelters. We met the same people in the same dugouts. We took the same shortcut and said the same things. Each day it was alike. There were two types of people, the "country" group and the "shelter" group. The country group always walked a long way to the country and passed their hours more pleasantly, but they came back exhausted. The "shelter" group went to shelters and slept in them and came out to do business. We switched from the "country" group to the "shelter" group because there were so many casualties in the country.

The first few hours in the cave were all right, but at the end it got to be boring. We managed to get bored only during the raid hours and blamed it on the Japanese planes, so we were never bored when the raiders did not come. Time seemed valuable then when there was an air raid, and we squeezed what we had to do into the little time we had.

Perhaps it was because I had come back from abroad only recently that I even began to like the air raids. I was not war-hysteric, or one who delighted in seeing people killed. It was most painful to hear the explosions of bombs in faraway Chungking. The noise was very low and distant, but it seemed suggestive of sorrow and heaviness. It was like the heartbeat, only a few

thuds in the heavy silence. It was more painful to hear it far away than over our heads.

It was the air raids that made me forget the rich, the poor, the faults of people near me and around me. It was the air raids that made me feel that I was truly a citizen of China. It was the air raids that made me feel the pulse of war. It was the air raids that made me think everyone, even the worst, should live. It was the air raids that made me treasure this life. And I liked to see a group of people feel truly and universally about something. I had always wanted to see a parade cheering war veterans. I liked to see something that touched every heart, and an air raid was universally felt.

When the bombers flew over our heads and I sat among all others with my hands holding my ears in the darkness expecting to hear an explosion any minute, I felt strong and happy to know that all other Chinese were with me. When I saw everyone looking alike in that position, old ladies mumbling and babies speechless, it was no humiliation to hide inside the rocks; it was glorious. In that darkness there was a light in every heart. I was intensely grateful and happy. I wished there were never any air raids, yet during air raids I was grateful for this experience. I would not change it for anything. This was personal to me and perhaps beyond comprehension. I was not afraid, for I trusted the rock above me, even though it did seem now not so trustworthy. With my eyes tightly closed and the droning above, everything seemed possible. Could one love one's neighbor in the normal life? But under that drone he was a good and wonderful man, too. I was blind to judge of good and evil just as I was blind with my closed eyelids to judge whether I was alone or

with a crowd in the cave; but I knew there was something wonderful. Was it really thus? I did not know. At those moments I was only happy and not sorrowful, grateful and not ungrateful.

When it was over and I opened my eyes, I would see the doctor with a beard lighted in relief and the old woman mumbling *amitobha*. Those were painful faces; most of them were painful except some young faces which seemed unmoved by what had happened. They seemed looking into the future. I was ashamed of myself. Yet that strange joy should come to me every time! No, I did not suffer.

One of the happiest moments I had was coming out of a dugout and seeing everyone coming out of the dugouts. The dugouts were along the ridge of a hill right under a cliff, solid and safe. There were many mud roads leading to other dugouts, all narrow and steep. When the all-clear signal sounded, there were shouts of joy from young and old and everyone rushed down. Everyone was tired, but descending the steps only seemed to help them regain their energy. Some skipped down; others flew down. Even the old woman made an effort to hurry, though her little bound feet wouldn't permit her. Those were the common joys we had—simple joys, but everybody enjoyed them. Some shouted, "A nice long rest in the dugouts, eh?" . . . "Hurry, I've got to open my shop." . . . "Hey! I hope my oranges are still there. I was running for my life and forgot all about them!" Old women remarked with gladness, "Heh, they left us in peace; no bombing today." . . . "Don't say that, maybe a bomb will drop right into your bed tomorrow!" Everyone chuckled. Everyone was optimistic; even the skeptic had to re-

joice after hours of brooding in the caves. "Come to my house earlier, how 'bout six? Father's birthday party is still good. Come earlier. There might be a night raid!" . . . "You mean you are not going to cancel it? But how can you prepare all the things in such a short time?" . . . "Don't worry about me. The first thing I'll do when I get home is to drop the noodles in the boiling water. The ingredients were cut early this morning! Don't worry; just come!"

Each went away and disappeared into his own little abode. Housework was fun, selling was fun, carpentry was fun. Life itself was fun after those long hours of imprisonment. The wooden panels were taken down almost with a sort of rhythm, and weaving a basket became a relaxation. Everything seemed fresh and clean and desirable. A threatened life was more attractive, like a rose in someone else's garden. We did not want to ask for more. Only let us live in peace, for peace seemed a luxury.

And even without peace, so much could be done and so much did get done! When we looked back at our lives in those peaceful days, we wondered at what a waste, what a *flop* they were! And when peace should come, we determined to live an energetic life, not that sloppy life. Meanwhile we lived on as we had lived on for the past three years.

It was fun to laugh, to talk, to work, and even to brood. Those were not means to some other end. They became life itself, which we had always mistaken for some high and intangible thing.

I loved to see lamps lighted in houses all round at dusk. They were lighted one by one, suddenly in the east, suddenly in the south. Like counting the stars in

heaven, one never knew where the next would appear; one was always at a loss. And when it was pitch dark, all were lighted, flickering and moving in the darkness. So in the darkness there was warmth instead of chilliness, as in the sky. Everything was earthy and human and I felt comfortable in it.

In those evenings following an air raid there was a particular mood of reverie, of thanks, and pale sorrow. It was like the mood in a cathedral, only it was more vague and floating. It was like mist, different from fog.

No illness, no disaster, no pains, no real suffering had touched us, yet they were all around. I had always been a privileged child. Even here I was privileged. I did not have to worry as men and women around us did, although their sufferings often permeated my being as they did in those evenings. There were tales all over, war tales and more than tales. All these tales were around me, of loneliness, of mourning, of pitiful courage. For in the evening memories came back most vividly. During the day there was work, during the night there was sleep and in between the two there were memories. It was the memories that made the war so bitter, so horrible, for it was not only the fact that the son got killed in war, it was the memories of the son, of his death, that tormented his mother; evening after evening that wound would hurt, a wound that never healed. Looking out of the window with that wound hurting more than usual, she swallowed her tears and bit her lips; she had learned it, yet that courage was the more pitiful! She envied the dinner table of the neighbors with children around it. There was spite against chance and envy, for a second. But

that was not to last, because she knew how great her sorrow was and would not wish it for someone else.

Yet there would be more bombing, more killed, and more memories! After each bombing, one more would become someone like herself.

Though the bombs had no preferences for anyone, they unconsciously demanded more from the poor. A shed burned meant more to the owner, sometimes, than a brick house bombed. And even fires would take advantage of the poor. A brick house caught fire slowly, while a match in a shed would destroy the whole structure. A house bombed wasn't a simple problem to the poor. It meant more to them than a palace would to a king, for the problem of food, clothing, and bed could never touch a king. For the poor it could mean hunger, coldness, and homelessness. . . . But I should not be too pessimistic, for they would find temporary shelter and food from the relief committees, and they were given money to start a home or small business. There was some way!

Yet all around there was suffering, suffering and courage, all borne in silence. It was only Heaven's way that victory should emerge from this suffering and courage.

All these privileges given me only served as a spur to help, to participate, to go into the people and become unrecognizable among them. In so doing I should find joys. It was what I wanted to do. Scrubbing walls and brushing ceilings, I would be the most happy girl.

Living in Peipei could only increase the love for our country. People from Hong Kong said it would be a disappointment. If they didn't want to come, why discourage others? "Ah! Ah! You'll be disappointed by

the rags people wear and by the abundance of rats in Chungking!" Was one to be disappointed by rags and rats? What weak vision was it that a rat could eat it up! It was those people who expected a Utopia in Chungking! It was only the Utopians that could be disappointed by rats. They only talked and talked, but what were comments and talks to those who actually worked? I hate myself for being also one of these. Livers of life live a fuller life than those who describe it.

Yes, here each man stimulated the other man's work. There was mutual encouragement. It was a sort of patriotic fever; not war fever; fever to make man work feverishly and be happy about it. Perhaps it was the best kind of life, life stripped bare to all its brutality and beauty; life lived honestly, with no false illusions, under no rose-colored light. But by no means do I imply "Long live the war!" I am only trying to point out the good aside from the evil of this war. Only here, back in America, do I have leisurely hours to think and muse over past events. There I was too busy living.

Life in Peipei

By Anor

As tension increased after the second bombardment of Peipei, time passed quickly. What energy was left after the strain in the dugout every day, was not enough to work with. Father could not sit idly every day waiting for iron birds to lay iron eggs. We decided to go and search for some place where we would not be bothered to go into dugouts, which meant that the place had to be so small that the Japs would not come to bomb it. Peipei was the crossroad where the planes had to pass to go to Chungking, and the planes passed Peipei every time.

Peipei was left simpler than ever after the second bombing. There was nothing extra, only plain living. Of course Peipei had no modern facilities: no running water, no electric lights (except in a few streets), no gas, no street cars, no foreign make-up things and no one needed them; everything was pleasantly Chinese. But sometimes we did want a little comfort, a plain cup of coffee, for instance. A can of Maxwell coffee, which was a foreign brand, for there is no Chinese coffee at all, cost us \$22 and I guess there were but four or five cans in the whole village. If people were invited to dinner it was coffee that was counted as the highest specialty that anyone could give. And if it was coffee with cream, it was counted fit for a king. Actu-

ally we rarely tasted that, and the cream was but poor milk. Thus we forewent all luxuries taken for granted in the West and enjoyed simplicity.

At one time, the new restaurant called Hazelwood was opened, and, knowing the want of foreign things, the owner specialized in them, including ice cream and coffee. There were those knives and forks we had not seen for so long. They arranged to have electricity put on, as there was electricity for a few headquarters only. It was eight o'clock when the electricity came. We had to wait outside as it was too dark inside. What a roar everyone gave! The dirty cashier, in his underwear, jumped up and applauded. Then the lights would fade out gradually toward the deep of the night. But it was nice just the same.

As to water, we either dug a well or had to have people carry it from the river. We made filters ourselves, consisting of five layers of sand, palm tissues, pebbles, charcoal, and I guess there were two layers of sand. These were put in a water jar, and a hole was cut in the bottom with a piece of bamboo serving as the pipe.

Our house, being the newest in town, had a bathtub. Our maid had to carry water from the water jar when we took a bath, and she used to laugh when she saw the bathtub à la foreign style, which she had never seen before. Others just used wooden tubs big enough to get yourself all in, and splashed the water all about on the floor.

Of course there were no movies, but there were operas every night, or rather plays or a mixture of both. As they played at night, and as we would go to bed at seven or eight because we wanted to get up

early the next day in order to do more work before the air alarms rang, we never went to see the shows.

"Sleep while there is time to sleep," was the slogan often heard. On moonlight nights we had to go to bed early because if we did not, maybe the planes would come at midnight and we would not have time to sleep. Every night from the eighth to the twenty-fourth of every month according to the old calendar, we had to prepare our things, put our shoes, stockings, and dresses in the same place by the bedside every time before we went to sleep, so that when there was a night raid we would know where our things were. Each of us had a flashlight by our bedside. Flashlights were very important then and everybody had one, and we always carried them everywhere we went, for we needed them in the dugouts if there was an alarm, and at night they showed the way as in some places there were no street lights. In the streets there were very dim vegetable oil lamps.

Some Peipei shops made foreign biscuits themselves too, "foreign" meaning they were not salty as Chinese things were salty or sticky. Anyway they were ordinary biscuits, and we had to get up at six if we wanted to have any of them, because there was a great demand for them. Some were made with eggs and some without, but very rarely with milk. (We never heard of butter in Peipei.) Sometimes they came from Chungking, our center. When the raids destroyed the Chungking factories, we would not have bread or cookies for several days. The bakeries would paste a slip outside, and say: "Chungking flour factory bombed. Will have supply again in two days." But in spite of the poor stuff, they did taste very nice, because those were the

only ones we had or could get. There is no need to mention that the bread was just bread, and the cake was a little breadish, having no cream in it or anything; there was practically no difference except the shape. Once at the hot springs we saw a sign saying there were foreign cakes, and we went in, and surely they did not disappoint us as there was a little cream spread on top of the cakes. They tasted like Heaven! For drinks, besides tea, we drank the juice of sugar cane.

But we did not miss those things because they became unnecessary as one grew used to other things.

Shopping in the Peipei streets was most wonderful, because we had to bargain. In buying oranges, we would have to ask the price. As the peddlers sat on sidewalks, and their things were set on the sidewalk, people would gather to see.

"Ho, ho! Madame! You don't know these oranges, right from the country. I sell them for 50 cents apiece, but I shall sell you for 45, as an old customer!"

"Nonsense! Such tiny oranges, I will take them for 30 cents apiece!" Mother would have to say.

"No, no, no!"

Then we would have to pretend to walk away, and every time we would hear them shout:

"All right, 35, but not a penny less!" The street people would shout: "Oh, don't buy his! Such tiny rotten oranges for 35 cents apiece, you blind peddler, you don't know a customer when you see one!" Oranges were expensive in summer as they were those stored from last year through the winter. And everyone would laugh and we would get them for half the price mentioned the first time. Father never wanted to bargain and he did not know how, and he always

thought Mother was being too hard on the peddlers, but really the peddlers would soak you if you were not careful. If they said ten dollars, you could get them for five.

Inland Rats

By Anor

The rats in Szechuen were really terrible. They were all over the place, and if one came into a room when you had guests it was no disgrace, for it was very seldom that one did not. I was dead scared of cats and, as they were hard to get, we did not keep one. But anyway, rats were all over the place, and you could really go dizzy counting them. They were about half a foot in length excluding the tail which was more than six inches. The trouble with them was that they were not afraid of men.

As our new house had rats too, Father tried to block up the fireplace, but it did not matter, they came through the windows and the doors and you really could not get rid of them. One night, when I was caged in the mosquito net, feeling already that mosquitoes were stronger than men, I heard several jumps. I thought they were thieves, so I did not bother to look. Then the jumps jumped into my room, and I knew they were rats. They hopped right on my chair, on my desk, and opened the lid of a jar with a bang. There were about four or five of them, and I began to feel that mosquitoes were not so bad after all, for they had made me put a mosquito net over me, and the net at least kept me in a different compartment. Then the rats got into the jar, and my checkers were in there.

So each rat moved out one checker, each made two jumps to the chair and floor, each let the checker roll out of my room, and each ran up through the fireplace and came to get more. They were very systematic, so I could count eleven of the checkers taken away. Rats, rats, rats! But I was not very scared of them.

"Shhhhhh, shhhhhh!!!" I cried. The rats did not pay a fraction of attention to me, but kept right on. Then I found out my flashlight was out of order, and I had nothing to frighten them with except myself, and I was too afraid to get up and scare them off.

So I let them run, and all the time I was worrying about the checkers. Next morning I found eleven of my checkers gone, and I knew where they were, and as the thieves were not very decent rats, they had not bothered to shut the lid of my jar.

Another night I found myself awakened by a big noise, I thought the carpenter must be crazy to saw wood at this time of the night, and then I found out that the rats were chewing things.

We would often read in the newspapers: "After the recent bombing of Chungking, the bombs killed many rats and cleared them off in one district. No one was hurt."

And so I began to think that the Japs were not only trying to gain our love by bombing us, but trying very hard to help us kill rats too!

For over a month, my game of checkers was incomplete until one very special occasion when they came out again. It was the third bombing of Peipei, the time when our house was bombed, and naturally, the roof fell down too, which meant the rats' home was destroyed, and my checkers fell down, all the eleven of

them, and they were all there. I looked up at the roof already gone, and wondered. Just when we had caged the rats up on the roof, the Japs made a hole in the ceiling and enabled the rats to come down again; and this time the Japs destroyed the rats' home! I decided that the Japs were very queer, but could not tell whether they were for the mice or the men.

Chin Yun Shan

By Anor

We found a place that was too small to bomb, in a mountain in Chin Yun Shan. It was a deserted mountain, and on it was a temple. Half an hour's walk from the temple was a deserted monastery now serving as rooms for guests. But the place was so deserted that people only went there in the summertime, and in winter it was not very good as there were few people, and it was not very safe. Several families fleeing from the village came to live there. We called it the Temple.

Mr. Wang Lao Shiang, the writer, was there too, with his wife, and we became very good friends with them.

There were altogether three buildings. We lived in two rooms in the largest building consisting of rooms right and left of a corridor downstairs, and a porch with rooms in the center upstairs. The temple was in the center, where a few Buddhists went on chanting "Oh, Goddess of Mercy" all day long. There was a kitchen large enough for several families to cook in, each with a separate stove.

We moved there, thinking the place fit. We had almost gone back to the beginning of life, where there was nothing unnecessary. There were only a few chairs, tables, beds, and stoves which were the necessary things. We wore blue cotton dresses which seemed too

well tailored in Peipei, and we would not have them washed until they were really so dirty that you could see it, for it was not necessary to change dresses and show them off at all.

There, hidden in primitive surroundings, the planes intruded upon us too. True, they did not pass there every time. Usually we went downstairs when the boy from the temple came over with a gong to tell us of the air raid. There would be only one alarm. We would generally have to finish our meals and go to the thickest of the bamboo woods.

We could still read if we wanted to, or do anything we pleased in the woods, but it was not such a good feeling to have nothing over your head when the planes whizzed over you.

It was there that we saw the most of our air force. Often one would circle round us, waiting to "welcome," as we said, the enemy planes. As our planes were fewer in number, they had to fly very high and when the bombers came, they would dive down, shooting the bombers, and then dive still lower, below them, and suddenly whizz up again, firing at the planes in the stomach as there were no machine guns to fight downwards. Our planes always fought one to twenty-seven or thirty-six of theirs, and never failed to get one or two down every time. It was a miracle, and we never heard our own planes shot down.

Once in Peipei there was a Chinese plane which shot down five of the Jap planes in one raid, and he was so happy that after the raid he came to Peipei again and turned somersaults in the sky for the people of Peipei in satisfaction.

Everything was curious about the raids. The Japs

used to come and raid at nights, not daring to come in daylight, afraid of our air force. The people and the newspapers began to laugh at them, and dared them to come by day. So this year they began day raids, and they never returned home with their planes complete. Every day they would lose one to seven planes. I heard that in Hankow once our planes shot down twenty-one of them in one day, and the devils stopped the raids completely that summer. They got cold feet.

In air raids it was these Chinese planes that gave us courage. They made our determination strong and they comforted us. We felt that they were fighting for us below, and were always there to help us in case anything happened. We looked up to our planes for help and they gave it to us every time. We almost trusted our whole lives to them.

The pilots were all college students, I heard. It was such a hard job to fly up and dive down quickly, suddenly very hot and suddenly very cold. They had to keep their fur coats on all the time because if ever there was a raid, they would have to jump into the planes and take off. All the planes went into the air whenever there was a raid, for if not the Japs would bomb them, and it was safer in the air.

People asked them what was the hardest thing to endure, and they said it was when they suddenly dived near the ground and then dived up again, as they would perspire, and the sweat was like worms and ants crawling on the body.

Once in the bamboo woods we heard planes flying, and heard dogfighting above. Then we heard a plane drop down to the ground, catching fire. What a joy it was to all of us! In the days of raids, the greatest joy

there ever could be was when we heard or saw a Japanese plane shot and tearing downwards.

All suppressed under the air-raid tension, it was always so nice to know that some of the cruel bombers were shot down. Oh, the bravery of the Chinese air force! How could I describe it with ink and a pen?

We were quite settled then, living on a deserted mountain peak, searching safety through the empty woods. When the planes flew through, there was a strange warmth in the mountain. I felt that we, with the few families hidden in the thick woods of bamboo, were very lucky.

Leopards roared at nights, but leopards were better than bombs.

Mr. Wang, whose wife was expecting a baby, had to go down to Peipei on week days to work, and he always came up at week ends. When he came up, Ching San, our servant, used to follow him carrying ducks, chickens, rice, and things to eat to supply us for the week. Sometimes the cook who was in the mountain with us, went down himself on market days to get things.

Mr. Wang was an optimist; he was so jolly that he never minded the raids. He was the most cheerful when anything happened.

"Hah, let the devils come to bomb us," said he as always; "if they drop five bombs, they miss them all, and throw them into the river, and fish jump up so our fishermen won't have to catch them. If they drop ten bombs, they hit one house, and it is our gain. Then we pick up the shrapnel of the ten bombs, and sell it for eighty cents a catty; what can be cheaper than

that?" Every week end we used to look forward to the news he brought.

"What news?" we would ask him.

"News indeed! we shot down seven planes yesterday! We captured a city, we killed many Japs!"

One day he walked up the mountain while there was an air-raid alarm and, when he found us with his wife in the bamboo woods, he shouted,

"Hmmm! Don't be afraid, the planes will not come today. When I came up, I heard our planes, *whooooo*, *whooooo*! Don't ask me how many there were, just ask how many batches!"

"How many hundred?" I asked.

"I really can't tell, there were so many. It was just *whooooo*, *whooooo*! Hmmm! You have never heard anything like it! I did not see them, but I heard them."

What did it matter if he exaggerated a little, or more? It gave us such pleasure to hear him. But the next day, we saw in the papers that five planes were shot down.

He swung his cane and lifted his black-rimmed glasses.

"I am not the only one so hot about it all," he always said, after he had exaggerated about something a little. "The whole country is crazy about it all! We all hate the Japs, we all work for each other!" That was Mr. Wang. His wife was a nurse. Some people are not pretty at first sight, but grow prettier every day, and some are very pretty at the first meeting, but grow so that you think them ugly at last. Mrs. Wang was of the former.

As we were on the mountain, which was higher than Peipei itself, every morning we used to look at the sky,

to see if it was a clear day. As we got up early, usually the clouds had not risen from Peipei yet, and still covered Peipei and made it seem a cloudy day. As we were high, we could see that the clouds blanketing Peipei were but one thin layer of smoke, and that it was going to be a clear day. I knew the people down below would be hoping that it would be a cloudy day, but they were hoping in vain, and they did not know. There in the high mountains I had a strange feeling. I somehow felt that I was responsible for Peipei and its people. I felt that, knowing as I did what kind of a day it was going to be, I should have gone down to Peipei and shouted in the streets, "Go, go, hide somewhere, away, for there is going to be another air raid today!"

Peipei was but a very small village, though it had the fame of being a cultural center. Peipei with its very simple people, who did not even know what fault they had done, why was it called upon to suffer and endure the air raids? Why were they there? I, not knowing why, felt responsible for it all, rather foolishly. It was not the Japs, or the bombs, it was just a big silly feeling. Perhaps it was a kind of fate we were fighting. I wished I could call the people of Peipei up to the mountain, to be safe from bombing. But if they all came there would be bombing here also. It was a privilege to live up here, free from bombs, and I had no right to have that more than anyone else. I ought to go down to the people and endure the same thing every Chinese should endure. But even this very living in the interior was a privilege; to live in China, a fighting country, and have the great sense of nation which people seldom have, was so rare. I felt living high up. I had a heavy load upon my shoulders and I did not

know what it was, or why it was there, but it was there just the same, and it should be there. I had neither the right to throw that feeling away nor disregard it. It was something important and I did not know what it was.

Later I found out it was that I was with my people, in the war and I knew I was helping to push the Japs out of our land. At night, under the soft moonlight, to help China was to look down and wish it would rain the next day and let Peipei live in peace. I felt I was responsible for the weather. If it was fit weather for an air raid, I felt a pain, for there should not be one. It was not my fault that it was sunny, but I had foolishly accepted it as my responsibility, and yet I could not rule or control it. It added a little sadness to the day, but it was so good to feel what you wanted to feel in China. We had taken things for granted every day; as long as there was peace where you lived, we did not think it was precious. But now we had learned its value . . . to treasure every moment of peace and be grateful for it. Even one rainy day, only one between many clear, air-raid days, was good, and we wanted it. To look at Peipei marching to dugouts, old ladies and young babies, going in and out, performing the dugout parade, they should not . . . no, they should live in peace! The old ladies in the streets, who I often thought took pain and hardship for granted, and safety and happiness as something extra, should not take that attitude. Oh, these people were so kind and nice, and they lived simply. They never wondered at Nature or God! These people, who took sadness of life as their fate, should be given happiness. Now they had grown so used to it that they no longer knew it was sad; they

just took it and never asked why. I would suddenly feel responsible for them all.

But there shall be the day, when even they will know happiness and safety, when firecrackers will thunder the loudest, when gongs will beat and the people be unafraid; there will be that day when everyone will be happy. I know it. . . . We were all united, Peipei, Chungking, and all the rest of China. We did not mind the immediate suffering, we looked forward to the end of the war, and we were determined to have it; we were pushing, pushing. . . .

Chin Yun Shan

By Adet

We moved to Chin Yun Shan on the eve of the third anniversary of this war of resistance. Therefore on July 7, the jubilant day, we were unpacking and living in the clouds. Old Mrs. Chao, Mother of the Guerrillas, was going to speak at a public meeting and all Peipei would be there to hear her and celebrate the day. There would be air raids this day, we could predict, but we had our retreat in the bomb shelter as on any other day. I asked to delay this moving until after July 7, perhaps that afternoon or the next morning. Mrs. Chao's meeting would be seven o'clock in the morning, anyway before air-raid time. I didn't want to miss it. But it was decided we should move on the sixth, and arrangements had been made.

I was very disappointed. Living in Chin Yun Shan was inevitable, but I had thought we would be able to see July 7 celebrated in Peipei. That night, as we packed by candlelight, there was a storm. One window banged and the glass broke and we had to clean up, and one of the mattings and the fence fell down. The candle was going out all the time, and we had a hard time keeping the rain outside the house. Packing was easy. I was used to it, but I hated it. I packed my sisters' clothes and helped with the kitchen utensils. I was all the time angry with myself. I gave an angry look

at the ever-going-out candlelight, and I took the flashlight out and used that. I wanted to be extravagant. It was about eleven when I went to bed. The thunder, the lightning, the splashing of rain, continued all night. My desk was already empty and my room was empty and hollow. I could hear the rain so near me outside the wall. I ignored the storm, I ignored everything and strove to sleep.

It was a clear day on July 7, our first day in Chin Yun Shan; we had slept on the floor last night because the beds hadn't come up yet. It was beautiful in front of us from the common veranda. Because it was high up here, there was fog all around until eight o'clock, and then we could see the distant mountains and villages in that peculiar Chinese green color. Everything was poetic and ageless there; and yet that was why I was still angry. I didn't want to take that "middle course." One should have courage and yet one must look after one's life; one must have contempt for the rich and yet have a little money and a little class distinction. It had always been like that. Nothing could be thoroughgoing if that was the case. Even the hard and square sell-and-buy reality could not be all hard and square! I didn't want to be like this. There was forever that tale of a hot-headed youth getting "wise" and inactive when he "matured." Why should the dreams of youth be always disappointed and disillusioned? When a person got disillusioned about what he had faith in, there was just that hard living left. And it would be fearful to learn that living was just living. I suppose I couldn't understand the cause of this disillusionment, because I was young. I hoped I should

never be able to understand it. I didn't want to. Perhaps a little less sense of balance was better. Too much sense destroys everything except itself.

Probably the meeting was over now and everyone was talking about Mrs. Chao's speech. "Just a usual celebration meeting. A few speeches, etc." Let it be "just usual," but I wanted to hear it.

I saw the white clouds sail by, ah, but too slow, too slow! I saw and brooded. Sense, nonsense, sense, nonsense, such bothering things! I asked for a little craziness; a sane life was too terrifying!

After doing a few things I got over that mood. That it should be only a mood! That sense in me should drag me back again, and a girl had more sense than a boy and therefore, I wished I were a boy, free to dream my dreams forever!

If those were only moods, this sane working was mood, too, and I much preferred that mood to this one. I was used to combating myself, and each time the sense got laughed at by nonsense. What mood am I in, a third, a judging mood, an impartial and logical mood? I wished to cast it away, too, and have with me only one and that was the little crazy one. I liked to climb over one self and then another and then another self until I was high up and shaking and then I found myself sitting in mid-air, all those selves I climbed over had disappeared and then I dropped. It wasn't too pleasant an adventure. The problems of a thinking animal!

Monks were modern in Chin Yun Shan. There was a politician monk who looked open-mindedly at the changes of the world. There was a monk who borrowed

a popular novel from us and got excited over it. There were monks who had been on the battlefields of Shanghai, aiding the wounded. There were monks who went out now to help in taking care of refugees. There was not a hermit monk. There were only these types of monks, and I couldn't understand them. They sang the Buddhist classics and said prayers and counted the bombers overhead. Their classes were dismissed at the alarm and they scattered away to the woods. How would a monk feel at this time? Should a monk care about the raids? Should he advocate Buddhism in China and make it once more a prosperous religion and worry lest it should die out and become nothing according to its own doctrines? I could not understand them. Perhaps if Buddhism was to be regarded as an institution, it would be clearer. I could not say whether they should be active or inactive now. It was too difficult to judge what was right and wrong at this time. There was one monk who had traveled back and forth from Tibet, and he wore a bright yellow gown in the Lama tradition, like a Hindu gown. He wore pink glasses. He was red and husky and jovial all the time. He was unlike a monk, who should be in theory pale, thin, and tranquil. Besides, he had a very rich voice.

In Shih Hwa Sze, the place where we lived, some three *li* from the temple, we had people from everywhere. There were already about ten families in three buildings, each family occupying two rooms on the average. We had two facing the south, with a veranda in front.

In the mornings we studied until lunchtime and continued in the afternoon if there wasn't an air raid. We retired early and lived very simply. Here still we heard

scouting planes, bombers, combats, and bombings.

We were notified of the third alarm by a boy coming all the way from the temple striking a gong. Because our third alarm was always about a quarter of an hour late, we knew the plane would arrive very soon. Even here on one slope of the mountain with only these buildings and two or three farm huts, we had to find shelter. Everybody took down the laundry hurriedly and put out the fire in the stove. We did not want to show any sign of people living here. We went away from the house, nevertheless, in case it should be machine-gunned.

The first experience was pretty bad. Mrs. Wang was taking a nap, and we were under a big tree, half reading and half waiting for the arrival of the planes. When we faintly heard the droning, we shouted to Mrs. Wang again and again, but she apparently did not hear us. In a minute the planes were overhead and we could not shout any more. It would be too late to run into the bamboo grove where Mother and Meimei were, because we would be passing an uncovered path. The noise of the bombers was very loud. There was a small stone niche about two and a half feet high and two feet wide, with the statuette of the God of the Earth seated in the middle. Anor and I squeezed our heads into that little hole to seek protection against machine guns or hand grenades, if they should come in that direction. Father was standing behind an old tree, with the trunk serving as his shield.

I had always argued that one could never trust a Japanese. No one could know when a Japanese would suddenly decide to drop a few hand grenades casually into some farm houses. I always trusted the rocks bet-

ter than the Japs. I was that type that preferred a cave to a wayside hut any time when there was an air raid. Now half of me was comparatively safe and the other half comparatively unsafe. The little Earth God was cramped by two intruders. The planes didn't go away and the droning didn't cease or even decrease a bit. I was wet with sweat in excitement and curiosity. I expected to hear anything, and I was anxious to take a peep. The planes could not be seen as the leaves covered the sky above us. Just hearing and not seeing was terrible. But then we heard a Chinese fighting plane. Its drone was light and agile. An air fight! We heard the zooming of the single plane and the droning of the bombers. I didn't know what would happen. Oh! Let it happen! I relaxed in the little hole. It was not fun. Then the zooming, the machine-gunning, and the droning moved further away. We stood up in relief and before we began talking with Mother, who had come out of the bamboo grove, we heard a piercing noise like the tearing of silk in a microphone. Someone shouted that a Japanese plane was downed, downed! We heard a crash which was as loud as the explosion of a huge bomb. Yes, downed, crashed, destroyed, a Japanese plane was downed! Tomorrow we would read about it in the paper. One of the several shot down was in our neighborhood and we heard it! Everyone in the place was excited. A Japanese plane destroyed! Here was the end of one of those hated egg-layers. Come to think of it now, we didn't even ask whether it was a Chinese plane or a Japanese plane. It was Japanese, indubitably. Our scare was a little futile, only we, green from the outside world, overexerted ourselves. We stood in the yard and heard a man talk

of air tales and adventures. It was cool in the shade, and we heard of courage, patriotism and sacrifice. Suddenly we heard that same drone, light and agile, returning. It must be the victorious plane after the battle. He had fought and won and now he was coming to this part of the sky to wait for other planes. We stopped silent and felt grateful to the hero. We would want to salute to him, only he would not see. That was something we saw and heard with our own eyes, a deed of bravery!

The enemy plane must be ablaze already; was the pilot dead or alive? I didn't feel sorry, for I had heard too many explosions of bombs, proclamations of death.

The man finished his tales. No other batches of planes came this way. It was a quiet summer afternoon in the country again. The cicadas had resumed their singing after the planes went away.

Mrs. Wang joined us. We put aside our books as this present was more appealing to us than the classics of ages ago. The stone steps were cool to sit on. It was pleasant to hear the wind in the bamboo and the shrill giggles of Fusao from the house. It was satisfying to feel the cover of the book, though we did not want to read it now. Ah! It was a sigh of satisfaction and it also meant that we had been lazy and it was time to go on with work.

Newspapers were sent to us every day, but always a day late, from Chungking. These were delivered by couriers from the temple who went down to Peipei daily. Newspapers were all the more appreciated in the mountains. Here we saw the dawn, the noon, and the dusk of day, the eternal things, but not enough in these

days. We must get news from the battlefields and abroad and from Chungking. We must know about this human world and not God's world alone now.

The newspapers were very colorful. They were pink, green, purple, and yellow, always different. The reason for that was that the handmade paper we produced, though in sufficient quantity, was only second-rate and the colors made the paper look more uniform behind the printed words. There were little impurities in the paper which became invisible when colored. Sometimes it was indeed with difficulty that we read the little items of news about Chungking.

News was always welcome. It was as fascinating to us as the stars and moons and suns are to astronomers. We discussed the news after reading the papers on the veranda. News, news, it wasn't just news, it was facts and that meant many, many things. I would always get agitated and look at the mountains that were forever the same. And I didn't like the mountains then, because they were so cool-headed. I looked down from the veranda at the children of the numerous families playing in the yard, and I looked at myself. Everything was too stable, too that-happy-medium way.

When autumn came I would go down to Peipei or anywhere else and do what I had always wanted to do. One thing was a mistake on my part, and that was that I kept silent about my wishes and desires. If I did pound it into the ears of everyone, I would get it and people would consider it more seriously. I always liked to keep it to myself until the time came. I even treasured it, and it was a wonderful feeling, having something in myself that was totally my own. But I was foolish.

Mr. Wang came up to the mountain on week ends. Supper was very early, and we would sit at the corner of the veranda, the best spot in the building, and hear Mr. Wang talk. He was always jovial, telling us about northern rhymes and games. One week end he talked about his migration to the west, his own experiences. Tears came to him and we noticed that it was painful for him to tell about the past. It was very painful for me to listen, yet I knew that I must know these things. A horrible feeling would fill me and I did not want to move a step. I had to wait and let that feeling sink down like gas. Mankind ought to be ashamed of this. When we talked about theoretical things, why should such real happenings always remind us of the beastliness of ourselves? The most beautiful could not remain beautiful. Therefore it had always been a chaotic picture in my mind, like a cubist picture. It was bare and plain and there was no glossing over the facts. I would bite my lip and notice that my nails had grown. Oh, I wanted all these things to black out in my mind.

We talked at that corner of the veranda where we could see the games going on in the courtyard and get that evening breeze most directly. Mr. Wang had wine during dinner and he was red and talkative. When he smiled his eyes disappeared. He talked in the Peking manner, and in joy he would slap his knees. There were narrow seats along the railing of the veranda. But we dared never relax in the seat as the support was not strong and there was always danger of falling down into the courtyard. That was usually at sunset and everyone was out to listen to the evening tales before the night fell.

Mrs. Wang was pregnant with Kan-Kan (the baby's

name) and she sat in a shiny, comfortable rattan chair and listened. Mrs. Wang had a pair of bright and intelligent eyes. She was about thirty and had her hair bobbed. She was a native of Szechuen, but she too had migrated from the east coast to her home province. She was a maternity doctor and had worked in the Red Cross and worked with crippled veterans. During the migration she had traveled with the hospital and did not see her husband until in Hankow. She was a very warm woman with advanced ideas.

"The most touching thing I saw," she said, "was during the last days in Nanking. I can never, never forget that. The retreat was very sudden, and the whole night people moved out in motor cars, rickshas, and on foot. The hospital got orders to leave at the very last minute, and there was a last steamship chartered for the wounded soldiers. I came on that last boat. The hospital was full of wounded soldiers from the front. The boat could not take all the soldiers. So, oh, it was too awful—I still remember some of the faces. Even if we packed the boat with soldiers like sardines in every possible space, which we did, it was impossible to bring all of them. So that painful job began. The doctors and nurses had to go to each soldier, examine his wound, and judge whether he was likely to die or to live, and then make the fateful decision whether to take him or leave him to his fate with the Japs. It was horrible for the doctors, too. Lives were all in their hands, and they could let them die or live. The soldiers were awaiting their fate, and they would cry and beg the doctors to take them along. 'I would die rather than see the Japanese!' 'I may still be useful, I still have two legs!' They cried like babies. The eyes of the doctors and

nurses were wet. For to live under Japanese 'rule' meant something far worse than death. There was nothing to do but go on. Soldiers would tremble and shout. Some screamed, 'Kill me now! Please don't let me see the Japanese, please!' They were frantic, each one awaiting his fate. 'Get me Lysol! The dwarfs will bury me alive, they will burn us!' 'Give us just a little poison. Let us die!' Then we started to move soldiers to the ship. Four women nurses carried each soldier on a stretcher. We nurses carried, doctors carried. We went back and forth to the wharf day and night. There were about a hundred workers. Our legs were numb and we knew only to go back and forth. On the boat we squeezed them into any possible spaces. The steerage was filled; the cabins were filled; the decks were filled. We tried to save as many as possible. Then we got on the boat which took two thousand with a capacity for five hundred. We stood against the railing on the deck and I was in that position during the three nights and two days. I did not sit down. I could not move, as there was simply no space to move around. The soldiers couldn't even turn their backs. One doctor remembered to bring a bag of bread and gave a crumb each to the soldiers. We ourselves did not eat until we reached Hankow, except at Wuhu. We drank the water from the river, using cans as buckets. There was just a sense of numbness. We could not tend the soldiers, either; there was no space to move around. About twenty died each day, and we threw them into the river. When we reached Hankow, some of the nurses couldn't walk or move."

Some neighbors had come to listen.

"What happened to the soldiers left in Nanking?"

"In Hankow we heard from people who stole out of Nanking after its seizure that they were buried alive. . . . I still remember some of those faces. . . ."

Those were not pleasant tales, but true.

Here I was only being selfish and silly. Yet sometimes I liked to escape all this for a few hours. Mr. Wang said since the war began he had only cried when he got drunk. We needed relaxation from all this, for day in and day out we had endured and waited. That tension of a struggle was always present. There was only optimism, like Mr. Wang who explained every item of news as a step forward toward victory. The will never relaxed, though the body and the mind might be tired. There were only two ways, one to plunge into the heart of this noble work and the other to escape in one's own reveries. I read about the discovery of a Utopia in Peru. I wished indeed it was never discovered.

Perhaps, I had thought before, we would forget about the war here in the mountains. But we could not and I was glad we could not. Yet I longed to go back to Peipei, to be with groups of people and not up here. I asked for every chance to go down and stay in Peipei. I felt like a fugitive here. I was ready to do anything for my country. I could fling away the life we were leading, all this regular life. I prepared myself to handle the dead and the wounded. I could do little, but that little would mean something to me.

Once we had a discussion about going to Kweiyang to work there. I wanted to go, to work. I had never touched a dead body, but I would make myself used to it. Only to be helpful to my country and my fellow people! Nothing disastrous had befallen me, but then

I felt I should help all the more. I had only been a parasite here in this war, and how I hated it! What I hated most was lukewarm water! Let bombs descend if they must. Our people could take it. I loved our people, who hadn't changed since a thousand years ago; they should never, never perish. I wanted to see myself disappear into the people, but I saw myself living in a room in a guest house on a lonely hillside.

We had dug a little dugout into which we crawled when we heard the bombers. The cave was low and we could not stand up. It was only good protection against hand grenades, but it would be catastrophe if a bomb should land, for the overhanging rock could crush us all. Even here, crouched in the cave, it did not look like a private affair to us. For to go into a dugout was the natural duty of each citizen. Crawl in! I was glad to crawl. I knew I was not alone, for there was a nation of people together with me. Perhaps it was religion for me, for I had utter faith in the people and in the nation. I knew that victory would come, a new life for all of us would come. It must come. I could see that life where farmers would till the fields and live their lives as they did centuries ago. There would not be these persecutions. China will become a new nation whose people shall live harmoniously and in peace when all the nation's humiliations and inequalities will be wiped out and everyone will enjoy freedom. It must come true. Chinese farmers should be able to continue their peaceful life with work and contentment which they enjoyed long ago. This terrible war, like the previous civil wars and revolutions, shall end and people will be left to themselves. The storm must end and peace

must come. The storm has been long and frightening, and when the sacrifices have been made, the rain and the thunder must stop, and the bright morning will dawn. I should love to live in that bright life. But now we must fight for it.

China provided an inexhaustible amount of surprise for us. How did we ever know that there were people like Miss Shun. Her combination was terrific and even a little frightening to me. Ah, China! That you held such strange characters in your bosom!

Miss Shun was a guerrilla leader and a devoted Buddhist. She intended to go to Tibet and organize a politically-conscious group. She had led an attack on a Japanese-occupied town. Her attire consisted of a pair of straw sandals, a long gown with Buddhist trousers underneath, a straw hat, a pair of silver-framed glasses. Her hair was cut like a man's; her nails were long; she had very pretty teeth, which we could see most clearly when she talked. She was from Honan, and she talked altogether too slowly for what she was. I still remember her voice distinctly.

One morning she came to the guest temple to visit the various inmates. She wished to meet Father, and we talked on the veranda which was our sitting room. Should I say that I was fascinated? I had to look at her for a long time before I could believe my senses, and when she went out we were still more puzzled. Her voice simply didn't fit into the picture. Of course we were very anxious to meet a guerrilla woman, but alas, we were more than surprised by this one. She calmly began her story, and she seemed to have told this story many, many times already. "When Japan's troops occupied X—— town, and we learned about the numbers

and the strategic points in the town, we began to plan the attack. Some had to get into the town first. I wonder if you knew about melons? We cut slits in the melons in the fields and stuck one revolver into each, and after a few days the slits healed up. So we disguised ourselves as farmers going to town to sell melons. The few basketfuls went in without trouble."

Someone naïvely asked if she had disguised herself as a man or as a woman. "I disguised myself as a peasant woman with a kerchief around my hair. The Japanese garrisons began to suspect all these melons flooding the town these few days. I was already in town and I knew it would be too late if we didn't attack then, so I went up into a house and fired a shot, which was the signal, and then, all over the town, the partisans began breaking melons and shooting every Japanese sentry in sight. At the same time partisans attacked from outside the city gate. The people there were overwhelmed with joy. The Japanese headquarters was taken by surprise. The chief officers went upstairs from the first floor to the second and to the third. But there was no escape for them. Some of us went up, while others guarded the house and the windows and the back door. It was too late for them to yell for help, and all the sentries were gone. We shot them, took the town, and you should see the people! Only one of us was killed, and several wounded, but the people were unharmed. We occupied the town for two days; but we knew that we had to retreat because there would be reinforcements coming and we would be outnumbered. So we left the town and explained to the people about the war, and a whole lot of them came with us.

"This was only one of the attacks, but I wanted to

tell you that because of the melons. Ha-ha!" She could lead an attack, but why Buddhism? Because the Lamas would listen to her more willingly? Her manner was slow, but I could well imagine her going up a hill and shouting, "Attack!" She was living in a farmhouse in this neighborhood, and I believe she was teaching. She said she would leave for Tibet as soon as her dialect was understandable. She was of the adventurous type, but still I could not get used to her voice.

Once again she came with the orphans from the Shao Lung Sze. She petted the orphans and asked them to sing for us. Yet it was evident that she liked the children from a nationalistic point of view. She had very naughty eyes, which perhaps was why she wanted to go to Tibet. When she went away, she took one of the orphans by the hand. Bless her, she would always be herself, and she would enjoy her trip to Tibet, even though she would shock people at first sight.

In drastic contrast to Miss Shun was Miss Chao Ching Kuo, who was a very young modern playwright. She had been friends with Mr. and Mrs. Wang, and one day she walked up to the temple to see Mrs. Wang. It was a very foggy day, and it was chilly on the veranda, but nevertheless we sat there. She, too, was very unusual, and it took us some time to get used to her appearance. She always wore foreign slacks and shirts, because her father, disappointed at not having a son, had dressed her as a boy ever since she was born. She had a classic face, with beautiful eyes which were somewhat hidden behind her glasses. Her hair was silkily black, cut short from behind. Her voice was very feminine and she spoke perfect Mandarin, but she had a way of feeling her hair with her fingers and sitting in a strange posi-

tion, which came from her having been brought up as a boy. Before the war she used to write scenarios for Chinese movie studios, but she took up playwriting, thinking that the movies had many limitations. In spite of her Western knowledge, her attire, and her profession, she was distinctly a Chinese woman. She did not move often and could sit silently without talking. It was very interesting to watch her and talk with her. She did not take notice of little happenings.

That day she stayed with us, and that night she slept in the same room with us. She had most beautiful eyes when she took off her glasses, and I wished she would put on a girl's dress. We all retired early in the mountains, and I noticed she was lying there a long time before she slept. When we woke up in the early morning it was foggy and drizzling. We lay in our beds and began talking about contemporary authors. She was always silent between sentences. We discussed Chinese works from the Western point of view and we agreed on many things. She asked me what Russian novels I liked, but I had only read a few. It went on in a quiet sort of way, and it was all most fascinating because we were in bed and neither of us was excited. Her judgment was very good, at least I thought so. I had not really talked with a Chinese girl for a long, long time. I could really talk with her. This was fun, and I wanted to continue on and on. But then we had to get up, and in spite of the drizzle she went down to Peipei. There was something about her that made people respect and like her, and she was all serious in her work, which I liked.

I don't like to talk about Chin Yun Shan. The tales we heard and the news were far more interesting. Our

lives should fade into the background, because our life there was like that house on the mountainside, all isolated and alone and aloof from Peipei. I let tales and stories fill our life, for our life in Chin Yun Shan lacked something. Perhaps it was the inaction in the mountains; and so as I listened to the tales, I was able to travel far and free. Perhaps by listening to tales I felt that I was doing something. I let all other heroes and heroines run the danger and accomplish something, and, listening to the stories, I was living the thrills and sorrows of their experience. It was a shameful way, and yet since I myself was not able to do anything, I have but to recount the tale. They aroused my sympathy and my admiration and made me feel humble and small. So those tales would circle around me day and night, in a quiet walk on the paths and while listening to the tempestuous laughter of the monks. At night I would dream of the same things, believing that I myself was shot by a machine gun or bleeding from a sword wound. It was painful in the dreams, for in the dreams I felt that I was bleeding. But all these amounted to nothing, absolutely nothing! I lived the experiences but I helped no one! I was impatient with my studies and I was even lazy, for I was waiting for the time to come when I would be allowed to help, to do something about the people who suffered. I was not insensible to the suffering around me. If I were insensible, my conscience would not bother me as it did. I owed them something, and I only wanted to pay my debt.

I wanted to know what the Friend of the Wounded Soldiers was doing, how he got started. He was rich and he gave away all his money for the wounded

soldiers. He felt he was constantly getting too rich, and he would give away the money until he felt justified in the way he was living. He brought baskets of oranges to the wounded soldiers and inquired about their wounds and he would rack his brain to search for a way to help them. When he saw that the room he lived in was unnecessarily big, he moved into a smaller room and used the extra money left from the rent for the wounded soldiers. He had a job and he spent most of the salary on the wounded soldiers. Now when his petition for an organization called "Friends of the Wounded Soldiers" was granted, he was happy, and he was rushing around for this organization. It was an organization to take care of the war veterans, finding jobs for them, starting a community of their own, and making them independent. The blind could weave baskets; the lame could do all manual work, the armless could pedal machines with their feet. It was to make all possible use of what was left of the wounded. When they could work, they felt self-respect and a sense of independence and were never to be kicked around. They would no longer feel that they were invalids, always dependent on someone.

This great friend of the wounded had started this campaign and it was now in full swing. He found great joy in running big and little errands for the soldiers. For it was an idea that possessed him, and not he who possessed the idea. He could only find joy in fulfilling this idea to its fullest. His time, his whole being, belonged to the idea, and without that he would have been like a lost soul. He would never have more than the wounded soldiers, would never think of being more comfortable than the wounded soldiers. Was he crazy?

No, he was the sanest man in the world, and also the happiest, for he could see no evil and he could feel only the good. I wish there were more men in the world like him, for there was not a doubt, not a suspicion in him. It was this type of man who could do most good, and not the highly educated, moral man. He could never fail because he would not let himself fail. There was no personal aspect to him, for he and the idea were identical. Most men were occupied with too many things; none was like him, possessed only by one idea and working only toward that one. The world was crazy and absurd, and only this type of man could give us faith and hope. I wish there were more of them. Call him anything you like, but he would always be himself, the friend of the wounded soldiers.

Near by, about six *li* from our place, was another temple called the Shao Lung Sze, converted into an orphanage. That was the best way to use a temple. It was in a small valley with tall pines and bamboo. Its roof was still red and gold with elaborate dancing dragons on top. Only a mountain path led to this orphanage, and the building was hardly detectable from the air. Here were about three hundred orphans, with a kindly lady at their head.

One morning we came to visit them, and when we could see the rooftops, we began to hear rumbling and children's voices inside. Here was a war orphanage! At the gate, where a soldier stood guard, we saw little children about six, all clad in blue overalls, white shirts, and some holding their large straw hats. They stopped when they saw us. Were these war orphans who had met a cruel fate? They were clean and happy and beau-

tiful. I did not expect them to look like this. I expected them to be well taken care of and contented, but not happy and beautiful! Some girls were very coy when we stooped to ask where they were going. "There is an alarm!" "We are evacuating into the mountains!" Even here they were not safe, because there was a building, because this was an orphanage! Soon a teacher came out, and they gaily went off on the mountain road. We went in and Miss Chou, the headmistress, a graduate of Columbia University, came to meet us. Other bigger children were still having their lunch; some were clearing up the tables. It was full of noises all around like lunchtime in any school. There were young and old, the eldest about fourteen. Some were playing in the courtyard. The whole place was crowded with children, but very sunny and airy. We visited the two chief dormitories, formerly the two main halls of the temple. They were surprisingly neat and orderly. On the two-layer bunks were neatly folded blankets; hanging on each bedpost was a bag containing the clothes of a child. The children looked at us curiously for a while and then they went away to play. They were fairly well dressed, and surprisingly healthy; their cheeks were rosy and very few had scurvy. Miss Chou, who looked at them lovingly, said that some of them consumed five bowls of rice and the small ones generally took three. The substitute for milk was bean milk, which was just as nourishing, and large jars of it stood about, from which anyone could drink when thirsty. Some small orphans clung to the teachers, but the boys were all too busy themselves. Prepared to go to the mountains, they all stood in file in front of the leader. When they were asked to count, in army drill fashion, every one shouted

at the top of his lungs. They swung their heads abruptly to the left and shouted, "One, two, three, four," and someone would sing a long and loud "Sixteen" with his head high up and his eyes closed. Some were curt; others were operatic. It was most amusing. Then there was suddenly a confusion when some absentminded boy shouted at the top of his voice, "Seventy!" right after seventy-nine. Everyone hushed him and corrected him, and the count continued. Then they went off to the mountains, most of them with their meager possessions, which included precious enamel cups. They were quite unconscious of themselves and all very busy. The dining room was like an American barn but had many windows and doors. It was also the assembly, and there was a platform with the Chinese flag and the picture of Sun Yat-sen on the wall.

Most of the children were gone, except one or two classes who were to leave very soon. We visited the kitchen, where there was a huge pot to cook rice in. Two men were working in the kitchen, and apparently they liked working for the orphanage. We had lunch in a small room. The menu consisted of two dishes of vegetables, one bean curd dish and soup. It was what the children and teachers had. They had meat twice a week. In the back yard there were some older boys doing the laundry. They had a tub of running water connected to a pipe from the mountain spring. They were working very seriously. In the big courtyard there were some big boys working at various things. They didn't "evacuate" into the mountains when the alarm came, for they were appointed by turns as the rescue party. If the orphanage should catch fire, they were

to help save things and put out the fire. Jobs made them feel useful.

None seemed homesick or miserable here except the very new and young ones. After lunch we were allowed to peep into some of their notebooks and paintings. They were extremely conscious of the war. The painting consisted all of bombing, houses burning, battlefields, Chinese soldiers thrashing the Japanese dwarfs, nurses from the Red Cross and farmers helping to carry wounded soldiers. Some of them were excellent. And in their little compositions, they were deeply serious in proclaiming the duty laid upon the shoulders of each citizen; when they grew up they would help in reconstruction work in gratitude for the education and good life the nation had given them now. They would work for the benefit of the people, and there would be no Japanese imperialism after the war. Many expressed wishes to be machine gunners, artillerymen, pilots, or engineers. They all wanted to fight Japan. It was surprising and yet natural.

I didn't know how the children would feel when they grew up and entered the world. They were taught that China would be a new nation with equal land for all, and that the government was the servant of the people. How would they find the world when they came out? They had heard nothing of the greed and selfishness of man. They only learned about Washington, Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, and Yofei and Sun Yat-sen; and they all wanted to be great men and work for the people. The world must not disappoint them or they would grow bitter and hard. They believed that they were a part of society, and society must be able to take them. They had seen in this orphanage something of

the big society they read about. Here there were order, equality, justice, and friendliness. May they find a world as just as in this little orphanage!

Miss Chou began to tell us some stories of these children. About half of their parents were living, for this committee went to the war area and brought the children here when their parents still refused to move inland. The children must be saved, and the parents could claim them after the war. Many were picked up on roadsides when their houses were destroyed and their parents killed. Some of the boys refused to go back when their families claimed them. In their homes they would not be able to eat so well, to learn to read, and to have the pleasant company of so many boys.

There was one mother whose husband was killed in a bombing in Chungking, and she and her two little children came to this orphanage. The children were accepted and the mother also lived here and helped in the orphanage in various ways. She received very little salary, but she was glad to have a place to sleep, three meals ready, her children so near and learning to read and write; and she was more than willing to help. In the classroom where we sat, a little child about four was standing. He was new and he was weeping; his face was very thin and his skin was unhealthy. The nurse brought him into the office and put medicine on him, and he was whimpering and miserable. He was too small in the orphanage and he did not like to play with other children; he just stood around miserably.

There was a sick room where the patients lay, and they had better food. Miss Chou told us about a child who was thin and sickly. When asked what was the matter, he said he wanted only to eat chicken and he

assured Miss Chou that chicken would cure him. So Miss Chou took out special money and asked the kitchen to prepare chicken. After having eaten three chickens, soup and all, and all by himself, he was cured and happy again.

The farmers were very kind and sold vegetables and melons very cheaply to the orphanage. Miss Chou told us they said, "This orphanage is a good thing, and I wouldn't want to make any money off it!" and they would present pumpkins or melons to the orphanage when they, themselves, had ample. It was a very good world.

Once a farmer brought a whole load of green peas and put it away somewhere, and that afternoon when he came over to fetch the peas they were gone. Miss Chou half suspected the children. All of them were assembled and she questioned them. Most of them answered that they knew something about it. They said some boy had discovered that the peas were good to eat fresh, so they began to eat them. And of course, each taking a few, the whole load was finished in a few minutes. Miss Chou asked them not to do it again and they were all very repentant. "It was all right for them to eat, and it was good that they were all so honest about it," Miss Chou said laughing. These orphans could not find a better guardian than Miss Chou. She really loved the children.

We left the temple around three o'clock, and on the mountain path we met the children coming back. Some of them were only four or five, yet they would walk such a long distance each day under the hot sun. What would become of them when they grew up? No child could be more independent than these. Now, filled with

that feverish patriotism, their minds were turned away from less important things and from bad habits. Miss Chou told us some of them, indeed, had real talent in special fields. If it hadn't been for the war, they probably would have worked on the farm forever.

There was a "special talent school" in the neighborhood. The founder, an enthusiastic educator, went about to the different orphanages and picked out some children who gave real promise. Each student in that school was given material and time to develop his special talent.

Shih Hwa Sze

By Meimei

During our stay in Shih Hwa Sze, we met all sorts of people from all parts of China. There was a lady, and she had T.B.; she liked to hang around our table when we were having our dinner. She was supposed to be an artist but we never saw her paint. Her husband worked in a bank and every time he came up he always brought some bad news about the war. She has four children and one in her belly, but we only saw two of them, because the other two were with their grandmother somewhere. Opposite us was another family; I think they have six sons and two daughters or something like that, but only three of them were there. The first one wore glasses, the second one was a bookworm, and the third one was the cutest. They did exercises every morning. They were very hard-working; sometimes when it was sunset already they were still working.

We subscribed to *Life* magazine and when it came we fought for it. And did our mouths water when we saw those pictures of chocolate cakes, steaks, hot dogs, mayonnaise, and everything. I wanted to eat those cakes and chew those thick steaks.

The Lion's Peak

By Anor

One day we were invited by the monks to have lunch. We had vegetarian chicken, duck, ham, liver, all made out of bean curd, and they tasted awful. As it was a fairly cloudy day, we thought we would go to the Lion's Peak.

"If you failed to see the Lion's Peak, you couldn't say you had seen Chin Yun Shan at all," said the very fat monk who, I thought, should not be fat if he ate vegetables all the time. I would have thought him a banker if he had not worn his yellow robe, just wrapped enough around him to cover his body, for he had been to Tibet. His arms and shoulders were all bare, and his fat body showed. But anyway he was very jolly and nice, and we went to the Lion's Peak with him and another monk. Another little monk carried a pot of tea for us, as the monks said we would want tea at the top of the peak, to add flavor to the view we were going to see. It was very strange that these monks loved having pictures taken. Another thing to my surprise was that the other monk who went with us borrowed a love story from our book shelf, and said, practically forgetting he was a monk, "I waited so long for this book to come out!" And he borrowed it happily.

We went up the hill, we sipped tea sitting on a bench situated on a very steep spot, where if anyone fell down,

it was very very deep, and you could fall down very easily. As we looked down, we could see Peipei and across the river there was a very steep mountain and a tiny railway on top of it, the only one in Szechuen. Few people ever took it, but it kept running just the same.

Suddenly we saw a Japanese plane coming, a scouting one, and I knew it was not good news. Later, a gong beat and we heard the second alarm. We hurriedly went to the woods and borrowed a few benches from the candy seller who happened to live near. Then we sat in the woods. I don't know why, but the planes came almost immediately. Our planes came too, many of them. Then we were between the Chinese and Japanese planes, and we were quite scared. They came toward each other, the Japs wanting to go to Chungking, and our planes coming to block their way. They came nearer and nearer each other, and then they met. They were on top of our heads. There were some clouds so we could not see them, but we heard them very distinctly. Then they began to fight and we right under them. We heard machine guns firing. I felt war right on our heads and I did not quite think it a good idea. They were directly on top of us, and we heard them fighting, fighting, and turning in circles and fighting again.

I curled myself up snugly, feeling afraid. They were really on top of us, and I had a funny feeling just above my head. If a bullet or two were dropped on one of us, or if something fell, I would not know what to say. So they kept on for about twenty minutes. They were above the clouds, which made it worse because we could not see them.

I began to be afraid that the very bright yellow robe of the fat monk would be spotted, but he was not afraid,

and laughed and said, "It will pass like autumn leaves."

Then the two monks began to tickle each other and leaned on each other in fun until I could not stand it.

Then, as always, our planes drove them back, and they had to turn and go home. We were thankful that no bullets dropped on us. Often I wondered what would I choose; for a Japanese plane to be shot down and crash on me, or let it fly away. \$150,000 was what a bomber cost in American money, and I was not sure I was worth that much. Yet I wanted to live. I never dared decide, and never did have to. It would be the first prize in the aviation lottery indeed if I got crushed under a Japanese plane, and first prizes are hard to get. Still, I did want to know which would profit the people more.

In the Mountains

By Adet

In the late afternoon when the sun was going down and there was nothing much to do, we would visit the few farm houses on the same side of the mountains. The mountain paths were either densely covered by the bamboo on both sides or steep and difficult with wobbling stone steps. And when we stopped still for a while, everything seemed very still and eternal. There was not a trace of motion except the occasional rustle in the dry leaves. And there we would forget everything. There were just trees and leaves and stone steps, shiny from long use. There were no inscriptions, no road signs, nothing that gave any signs of centuries of time. It was difficult to tell the age of human history from the slender bamboo, for in each century old bamboos died off and young ones shot up. And there was little knowledge of human history in the polished stone steps either. It was just a memory that a long time ago men labored, carrying the stones up and laying them down as a path. It was very vague. The forest was still; only when a man or a boy passed by did it echo with life. It was long and tedious and one heard of leopards crying at night and snakes in that rustle. Let them stay! The forest would be miserable without them. There was life in trees and little roadside weeds, and perhaps even in stones. Perhaps the trees didn't mind that kind of too

tranquil life. I did. Yes, I was glad to hear the tread of men's firm footsteps on the stones and merry, human voices through the trees, for I was afraid that the self would evaporate or melt into that deadening silence. I did not want my mind scattered, my spirit dissolved in wide empty space. I wanted to put it together in one place and hold it as tight as possible in my hand.

Sometimes it was this feeling of weariness of time in the wood and sometimes when I stood over a cliff or sat on a rock after a warm walk, I felt very differently. Especially, resting after a walk, I would let the green of the bamboo, the distant view of mountains in the sunset get hold of me, and sometimes when the sky was less misty I would see mountain tops over mountain tops, almost like the sea waves rippling across indefinitely. Then I felt that I would like to sing a hymn in praise of the scenery or compose an ode to it, or do something grand and worthy of it. And, inspired by its magic power, I felt that I was able to do it, able to do something as lovely as the scene before me. My eyes fell upon that distant mist and that flowing river, and my hands felt that they could create something just as inspiring, and then I would forget everything—the war, the suffering, and the chaotic state the world was in, the superabundant luxuries and the bitter needs. There was just that beauty of the land that occupied me, and I would feel intensely happy and analyze the stem of the bamboo or the mysterious curves in the stones. It seemed that beauty and peace abounded in the world and there was not a whit of worry or responsibility.

That was how the beautiful land betrayed itself and myself! Why was it so beautiful that I forgot about defending it? Should this peace make us forget the

struggle? Then it was wrong. I could be betrayed while living in some far distant country and leading an un-Chinese life. I could be made confused by glittering riches and tempting comforts or too many doses of luxury. But why, that the land itself should betray me? It was too illogical, too funny. No, the view, then, must not be so fascinating. Truly, living here so isolated, I would forget the war if it had not been for the daily droning of enemy planes. They helped to remind us of the struggle.

When we visited the farm house, the people were always very friendly and brought out benches for us to sit on. Then they would beg our pardon for the poor house they had. In the late afternoon usually, the men were doing odd jobs like weaving baskets, and the women were usually sewing. They always welcomed a visitor. We would ask about the farm, their work, but chiefly we would talk about air raids. Asked if they hid when the enemy planes were heard, they always answered yes. Some of them had little dugouts where they went when the planes were heard. They always seemed quite satisfied. Once we went to visit an old woman grinding old corn, and we had a wonderful time trying to work the mill. They would laugh at us and we would laugh at ourselves for doing it so awkwardly and clumsily. With friendly shouts we parted and promised to visit them again, and when the gardenias were in bloom they would let us pick a few.

The women usually talked with us more easily and the men talked to Father generally. They wanted to know where we came from, and hearing that we had flown by plane, a girl giggled and the woman asked seriously, "Weren't you afraid?" They had seen the

Japanese planes and heard the bombings, but they did not know one could ride on a plane and reach a place for a peaceful purpose. I think we struck them as very unusual after we mentioned our flight.

The farmers were so likable, and they would be very reasonable to work with. They were far from being rough, and I think they would resort to using fists only when there was nothing else to do. These are the people of China, all scattered in the different provinces, hardly hearing of each other and living practically in the same way. They, with their doctrines of morality and human relations inherited from their ancestors, are the real strength of China!

It would be almost evening when we got back to the temple, and here was a different type of life, with people from all parts of China speaking different dialects, with very different experiences. Yet there was harmony in the temple, as we saw over the veranda how the children of different families played games together in the courtyard while the grown-ups watched and smiled.

Mountain Dugout

By Anor

No wonder the Japs are so mouselike; they always were, always are, and always will be mouselike, for they are so short. "Dwarf devils," we call them, and Heaven knows they are short.

As to their mouselikeness, I shall tell you of it. On the thirteenth of August, which was the anniversary of the fall of Shanghai, and the seventh of July, the anniversary of the war, they never did come to bomb us, because we had well prepared our air force on those days to challenge them. They just shrank away, and came the next day to make up, pretending the previous day was not a clear one. But in fact I know they never even thought of coming on those days, because I never saw a scouting plane coming to see if the weather was fair.

And then they wanted to put up a front as mice always do, and eat more than they can, and do things bigger than they themselves. To invade China, for instance, is one of their attempts to do more than they can, and let people have the impression that they are not short. But any fool can see short people can't fight against taller people. And so, to show off, on the day after the Americans set an embargo on gasoline, they wanted to show that they were independent, so they came to bomb madly for one day, and as they were

mouselike and could not afford to bomb continuously, they stopped for five whole days, making a poor excuse, and we knew they were saving their oil.

We found a little cave behind the temple, so we began to hide there. It was hardly big enough for all five of us. It was about one foot and a half at the highest point, and lower than that in most places. So we began to dig our own cave. We dug and dug, and scraped with our hands; it was easy, as the soil was very loose, but we felt quite like savages. When we got about a foot of it down, we could stoop ourselves all in, and it could just about hold the five of us. Mother and I had begun a habit of having a stomach ache whenever there was an alarm. I suppose it was due to fright, and our stomachs would gurgle and gurgle until everything seemed to ache, and as soon as the all-clear signal was given, the pains would disappear and we would no longer be afraid. Every time there was a raid, we would sit outside the cave we had dug ourselves and if we heard planes, we would go in. There was no all-clear signal there, as it was too troublesome for the people at the temple to walk for half an hour to inform us. It usually took three to four hours for a raid to pass, and we would all-clear ourselves and go to our rooms. Sometimes after we thought it was over, we would hear a faint roar. Most of the time we ignored it. Most of the people did not run, but only stayed in the rooms, out of sight from the air. When there was the gong, people had to stop cooking if they had chimneys and take in all the laundry hung out. Those were the rules. Making the place look deserted was most important.

There was a good system too. All over free China, in all the places where there were air raids, policemen

would stand guard against thieves who stole things while people were in dugouts, and if anyone was caught he would be executed. So everyone could leave his doors open, and really no one did have the heart to steal and risk his life for a thing or two. But what was the difference? The whole house might be bombed just the same if it were not robbed.

Some Air-Raid Stories

By Anor

People went to air-raid shelters almost every day, so that there were so many stories about them, and the things people said in the dugouts were so many that a book could be written about them. I heard from friends here and there many stories about bombings.

There were stories of a bomb making a chair jump from one house to the neighbor's roof, landing there standing straight up, and of some people hiding between coffins to escape death. There was a man who was a returned student and had a French wife. His house was burned, so he bought a toothbrush and a tube of toothpaste, and went to stay in a friend's home; the friend's home got bombed, and he went again and bought a toothbrush and paste. It kept on until he had bought four sets of toothpaste and brush, and he kept the last set with him everywhere he went.

One family had a three-story house. When the third floor was bombed, they moved and lived in the second, and when the second floor was bombed, they moved down and lived in the first, and when that was bombed, they had to move out. One really can win the first prize in the aviation lottery indeed, three times!

There were some people who were extremely afraid of raids, due, perhaps, to some horrid experience, so that they would turn green when the alarm sang. Fusao,

for instance, would sweat and sweat, and she would not be able to eat or do anything until the raid was over. She had closely escaped death three times. Mr. Hsi and Mr. Shiao were two extremes, and they had to walk and walk to a very far, particular cave to hide, because they thought that was the safest.

There was one baker who did not get to the dugout, I do not know why, and suddenly a bomb dropped beside him. Before it had time to explode, he pressed the dough he was mixing on it, and suffocated it so that it did not explode. He got twenty dollars from the government for it.

There was a family consisting of a father, a wife, a concubine, and a precious son of four mouths. Suddenly, (that was in Peipei, the first time, when no one went to dugouts) bombs began to fall. The concubine, being very bright and quick, laid the child, the most precious one, on the floor; the husband, being the second important, was told to lie on top of it; the concubine, thinking herself more important than the wife, piled on the husband, and the wife was told to cover the concubine with her own body. So the four piled on each other, and the result was that the wife got a little hurt; a piece of her flesh was blown off, as she was on top, but the concubine, the husband, and the baby were all safe, and the baby was not suffocated or crushed!

There was a man who, when he saw bombs falling, ran, and, like an ostrich, put his head into a sewer opening, his body all outside, thinking himself all safe; but half of his hip was blown off.

It was wonderful that the Chinese morale became higher and higher as the war dragged on. There would be lantern shows and parades after an air raid to cele-

brate a newly recaptured city. On festival days there would be dragon-boat races with thousands of spectators. We still kept our celebrations and daily routines. Children picked up school bags and went to school immediately after raids. Men got up to work at six or seven in the morning when there had been a raid the night before. Mothers gave birth to children in dugouts.

Raids could not destroy our happiness. How could bombs destroy the Chinese morale, which could only be felt in our selves and could not be seen or touched? How could scrap iron destroy something in our hearts that was not material? Bombs may fly and explode, but we shall keep on and on.

Mother of the Guerrillas

By Anor

In China we often heard of Mrs. Chao and her guerrillas. Then I found out her story and this is it:

Mrs. Chao is an old lady of over sixty and people call her Old Mistress Chao. She is the lady who organized guerrillas around Peiping, who later moved inland with the Chinese army.

It was in July, 1937, when her daughter-in-law came from Shantung and brought her a piece of news. The Japanese were going to capture Peiping.

"I will not have it!" cried Old Mistress Chao, and she began to organize a group of young men, college students, to defend Peiping.

A friend had given her \$2,000 that her son, Chao Tung, might go to war. With this sum of money Mrs. Chao started her group of guerrillas. The college students who lived in the same house with her all joined in. They organized at night and planned to buy as many munitions as possible. They bought pistols, bullets, uniforms, and shoes and socks for the men. Mrs. Chao was the head of it all.

Chao Tung returned in a few days, and the very next day the Marco Polo Bridge incident began. The *kaoliang* was not high enough yet to hide in, so they waited several days before they went out of the city.

They had found a place to hide in the city. They

began to transport their guns and things, and it was all Mrs. Chao's work.

"I am an old woman," said Mrs. Chao, "and if they catch me and shoot me, it does not matter." She did all the transporting herself, and let no young man help her. "I wore a torn dress," she said, "and carried a broken basket, and in it I put old bedding, old socks, old dresses; but underneath it was all ammunition, boxes of bullets."

So the old lady carried out of the city \$2,000 worth of ammunition. Her son went with her to the station and got into a different car, silently watching her lest anything should happen. The inspection after they went out of the city was easy; they only saw an old woman with a basketful of old things. Mrs. Chao transported the things day by day, her son watching her from another car, and after a few days, she had them all out in the hiding place. Then she herself returned to the city to stay.

They had altogether about fifty men. At a given signal they all changed into their uniforms. Their hiding place was known to a traitor and two hundred men came and encircled them. Chao Tung did not dare go into the city to tell Mrs. Chao, and it was through a wounded officer in the hospital that she got the news. Then she found out that all their munitions were gone and two men were killed.

Mrs. Chao began again. She went and borrowed money from her friends. Mrs. Chao was straightforward and spoke whatever came to her mind. "I've come to ask for money, we need it to buy ammunition. I want \$500 from you, give it to me, quick!" Neighbors gave her a few guns and she got money from her two

rich friends. This time more students came, and they got more ammunition than before.

The Japanese entered Peiping, and Mrs. Chao helped the young men out of the city. She hired two other old ladies, and told them to go out of the city with a few men at a time, saying that they were their nephews. Mrs. Chao was thrilled when they found a temple in which to hide. She told the men and old ladies to carry all the bullets and guns they could on their way out. The old ladies hid guns in their parcels and their bedding, and came back again to get more. On the last round the three old ladies set out together, carrying all the things their bodies could hold. Mrs. Chao carried a suitcase full of bullets. They went for two miles, walking, carrying the heavy load. When a policeman came up to them, the three old women sat down on their things.

"Where are you going?"

"We don't know. Anywhere there are no Japs."

"I am suspicious of you."

"What do you want with three old women? If you want things, we shall give you the beddings in the suitcase!" What a brave thing to say! And so the police passed them by. The two old ladies were frightened out of their wits, but Mrs. Chao got up and carried the bullets again, and got to the temple.

The Japanese increased in number, and they were frightened. Mrs. Chao proposed to invite a few foreigners to come to stay with them, thinking that the Japanese would not harm them because foreigners were there.

"We invited fourteen foreigners to stay with us," she said. "We gave them good food and good wine

every day, while we ate rough stuff. We made them special food to eat, and decided that when we did not need them any more, we would send them back one by one. Those foreigners were very good to us. And we have many students who understand their language, so each foreigner had two persons to keep him company and talk with. When they talked about our resistance, they were very sympathetic too."

Then two hundred or more Japanese came and surrounded them, but they resisted, and they got six or seven guns, and some military blankets, and shot about ten Japanese. When the army was defeated, the Japanese planes came, and they hurriedly sent the foreigners away. When other soldiers came they retreated into a mountain. The planes came and circled round them, preparing to drop bombs, and they worried their eyes red. As the planes dived downwards to drop bombs, Mrs. Chao's men machine-gunned and shot down one.

"Our eyes saw the plane catch fire in mid-air and then tailspin down. What a thunder of cheers! Even the foreigners praised our accuracy." The planes dared not come again after Mrs. Chao's first victory.

It is incredible that an old lady has such courage and spirit. Once she led her group of men and freed 500 prisoners. The event, as Mrs. Chao saw it herself, is almost unbelievable, like a story of war one reads in novels. But it is true. Mrs. Chao had news that the Japanese were going to execute prisoners, patriotic Chinese who had fallen into the hands of their foes, and Mrs. Chao went to rescue them.

"When we heard that they were going to be killed day after tomorrow, we went that very day. It was

dusk when our men brought our guns and went to the prison gate. There were several Japanese guards. We told them to open the door. They asked, 'Who is it?' We answered, 'The Japanese Ambassador, come to examine the prisoners and sentence them to death!' As the door opened, we rushed in and shouted, and the 500 prisoners shouted with us. We banged the doors and fired our guns. The guards were so frightened that they did not even resist. We freed the prisoners and got a few guns besides."

That night, Chao Tung told the freed prisoners about their plans and their objects and told them that if they wanted to stay, they could, but if they wanted to go home, they might do that also. But the 500 shouted all at once, "We want to join the guerrillas!"

The next day Chao Tung came to Mrs. Chao to report that everyone wanted to stay, and that they wanted to come and greet her. But Mrs. Chao refused such worship, and said that she had a lot of work to do, and that if everyone knew her, maybe one out of the 500 was no good, and then their whole work would be spoiled.

Now they had about 1,000 men, and Mrs. Chao felt happy. Thinking now that they had enough men to protect themselves, she sent most of the foreigners away. They moved to a new hiding place, a grand mansion formerly occupied by some rich people. When the village people saw such an army, they all ran away.

"When I heard of this," said Mrs. Chao, "I immediately invited some village elders and some old ladies to come and let me speak to them. When they saw that it was an old lady who spoke, they were no longer afraid. I asked them to sit down, and poured them tea,

and I told them, 'Please don't be afraid, we are not bandits, or any other kind of army, we are only guerrillas. Our object is to defeat Japan. We are all Chinese, and therefore all in one family, and we must unite, for Japan has bullied us cruelly. The women folks needn't be afraid. The majority here are college students, and none of them is unreasonable. I am old now, and I too have daughters, and a daughter-in-law. These other people's daughters will be like my own daughters, and the students' sisters, and we shall not in the least be unreasonable.

"Please don't run away and waste your time. We hope that you older people will go and bring them all back again. We shall not be rude to the men, and we shall respect the women.' "

They came back, everyone of them, and Mrs. Chao was kind to them. When the guerrillas were about to leave, she said to them, "We shall leave you now. We are indebted to your kind hospitality, and we hope you will work hard and resist. To help the country is to help yourselves!"

And so, Mrs. Chao, the sixty-year-old lady, moved on with her guerrillas.

She went along, helping the poor, and squeezing money from her thin purse to give to the refugees.

"I am an old country woman who doesn't know how to read," she always says humbly. "I don't know anything, only that the people must help their country."

When she talked, she talked on and on and there never was a tired look on her face. When she talked of sad things, her old eyes would moisten and make the listener cry too. Such memory she had, such long hours

she spoke! She made us indeed feel humble and ashamed of ourselves.

"When we got to Tsinan," she said, "we had to change cars. We stood at the station, waiting. There was a group of wounded soldiers who came from the front. Those soldiers were so pitiful to look at! As there were not enough people at the hospital, only the seriously wounded ones had men to carry them. The slightly wounded ones carried the more seriously wounded on their backs. Among those who carried others there were some who had bullets through their hands, through their legs. And they carried their fellow soldiers, with blood dripping from their bodies. They walked very slowly. Oh, what a sight to cut into people's hearts that was!" Old Mrs. Chao followed, to help them.

"There was one," said Mrs. Chao, "who was too weak to lift his head. I bent down and lifted his head against me, and fed him congee. When he saw me, he cried and said, 'You are better than my mother. You are so old, and yet you come to serve us.' I cried too. 'Eat slowly,' said I. 'When I saw you suffering with your wound, it was more bitter than I suffering myself. But don't feel too uneasy, it is not good for a wounded person. You are wounded on account of your country, and you ought to be proud of it. We the people are very grateful to you. I am an old woman, and have no strength, all I can do to help you is to serve you a bowl of congee, as showing my humble feelings toward you.' "

Our House Is Bombed

By Anor

One day, without an air alarm in our temple, we suddenly heard planes. We were scared, for they came very near. We went downstairs and hid at the corners of the rooms, as they were the safest. We held our hands over our ears and opened our mouths wide. The planes came and flew away and came again. Suddenly we heard blasts.

"Peipei!" the people all cried. "They've bombed Peipei!"

We could not see Peipei from where we were, but they were sure that it was Peipei. "It is Peipei, that I am sure of, for there is no place else where bombs could be heard so loud." It must be in ruins by now; how could a village with three streets stand three bombings?

Perhaps our house was bombed, but we did not think so, for it was very hard to win first prize in the aviation lottery. (We always say that; it is vulgar in the inland to say, "I got bombed.") Perhaps, perhaps, we thought; but we did not think it would be, for bombs were scattered all around and they could not concentrate on one particular house.

Pity the people in Peipei! I hoped there was an alarm. If not, many would have been killed. Later we found out that there was, but the planes had come

before the boy from the temple had time to come and beat the gong for us.

If Ching San, our servant, came up the hill today or the next, it would mean that our house had won a prize, for he was a very responsible man. The next day, as Mother sat on the porch, wondering if Ching San would come up, he really came, his face very pale.

"Our house bombed?"

"Yes," nodded Ching San, and did not say anything else, for he was a very quiet man. He just smiled softly, which was his usual way.

We laughed. We thought it was very funny, and we laughed and laughed until we were almost crazy.

"What happened?" we asked, still laughing.

"The planes were fighting with our planes, and when they were desperate, they had to run, so they just let off their bombs." We laughed again. Ching San had hid against a rock, and seen our house bombed; he had seen flames and smoke rising from Peipei, he had seen it all. Half of the house was gone; it was a direct hit. Our garden had burned a bit, but luckily, though it was an incendiary bomb, our house was just wrecked and not burned.

"Ha ha!" we laughed, still thinking it amusing. "Our house was bombed! We won a first prize!" Then, slowly, the meaning penetrated our minds; our house was bombed and it was no longer funny. We shall have something to remember Japan by after years and years. Ching San was silent, and so were we.

Then Ching San told us how another big bomb dropped one hundred yards away from our house and made mud jump up, and leap to our courtyard, making a hole on the cement ground. They had bombed the

country too, and several were killed. So, we thought the country would be safe, and yet it was not! They came and bombed country huts and farm houses. As a matter of fact, they just dropped their bombs anywhere, like bad boys. It was all the same everywhere. Only under the rocks, hidden underneath the earth, was there safety. We could no longer live above the ground.

We thought we would go to see the ruins, but we dared not go so soon, as we did not want to meet an air raid in Peipei. But we decided we must. So one morning we set out, at five-thirty, so that we would be back in the mountain again before any raid would be possible.

We hired sedan chairs and went down in the dawn.

There it was, our house and everything. There was not a piece of glass left in the whole village of Peipei. Our house was bombed on one side, and a wall had completely gone. They were repairing it.

All the doors were crooked. From my bed room I could see the room below me, as its ceiling had all fallen down. It was really a mess. Ceilings, floors, doors, and windows, nothing was in shape. But it was not beyond repair, so it really counted as nothing, for after repair we could still live in it. We saw many pieces of shrapnel, and the propeller of the bomb, about one and a half feet in diameter, was there too. We collected some, and brought them away with us. Ching San told us that the night of the bombing some people had come into our garden to pick up the shrapnel, but Ching San told them not to come in and threatened to shoot if they did. Oh, Heavens, Ching San shooting! I could

not imagine it. Ching San did not even have a revolver. But the men did not come in.

Then we hurried through the streets. The whole village was nearly gone, but I saw new shops already opening on the streets that were still left. All the people whose stores were bombed had moved and opened up already. People were already calm and building houses on places where bombs had hit. I saw a woman sweeping the floor of a room which had only three walls, and some children tidying up things. There was a man who was brushing his teeth in a room upstairs that had three walls, the one toward the street missing. People did things very quickly. I saw two shops with the wall separating them demolished; the people had pasted up newspapers as walls and were having a new shop opened. I noticed several new restaurants, as three of them had been bombed in the three raids, and they were having very good business. It happened that 1,000 students had come to take the test to join the Fu Tan University.

I need not worry for China. She was bomb-proof.

Peipei after the Raid

By Adet

When we heard in our little cave a loud explosion we knew it must be Peipei. News came that it was bombed. Maybe it was our house, who knows? But that was only one chance in fifty. The next morning Ching San came up. Mother asked, "Our house bombed?"

"Yes. Bombed," Ching San replied nonchalantly, with his lips parted like a smile. We rushed out of our rooms and all of our neighbors fluttered around.

Ching San drawled in his soft voice, "I was sitting under a cliff and listening, and then I knew something was wrong. Then I saw smoke and dust from our house and I was worried to death. I ran down and there was the shell hole; the shrapnel burned bits of grass but the house did not burn."

"Where did it land?" we pressed him.

With his eyes looking at the floor, he said, "About four feet from Mistress' room. Mr. Wang asked me not to say that there was too much damage. The wall of Mistress' room had fallen and the ceilings in some of the rooms had fallen down." I couldn't have believed it, had it not come out of Ching San's mouth. He was not the type to exaggerate.

The bomb was described as about fifty pounds and it didn't burn, apparently because the brick wall fell on the fire and killed it. We were all so excited. My

hands were actually trembling from excitement, that it was true, that it was true!! It was like winning the first prize in the lottery. We weren't sorry about the house, but the idea that it was bombed was something that we couldn't get into our minds. It upset us all and we couldn't continue our work. The first time it was a hundred yards from our house, the second time it was twenty yards from our house, and the third time, one yard and a half. I dared not conceive the fourth time.

We must go down and see, immediately! That was nonsense, they said. Since it was bombed, it was bombed. But I must see it. There was bright sunshine today. I must see it. What, to have such a great event as our own house destroyed by a Japanese bomb pass by unnoticed? "Why make so much bother about a house destroyed?" the skeptic said. I could not explain. I must talk or do something; I was not able to concentrate my mind. That it should be bombed!

Once we started and reached the temple and turned back again because the clouds over Peipei were lifting. But there were dugouts in Peipei, I insisted. I longed to see Peipei again.

It wasn't until a week after that we went down, early in the morning. It was nevertheless a bright morning. Our minds ran faster than our feet, and our feet were dragging behind. It was good to see Peipei again. We had neglected it for a long time. But we should be only paying a visit to Peipei! I wished I could have stayed. The morning was still young and people were at work. They hadn't bothered about the raids yet. The windows of various houses were wide open and sunlight was pouring in. Everybody doing his

work and none thinking of the air raid. The familiar homes were a pleasing sight. I knew just where a certain house had stood and where the road was bumpy.

Oh, to be back in Peipei again! We had been hiding in the mountains; we had run away from the people who went to dugouts in the heat and came back to work. In the mountains we were able to lead a regular life. The regular life was irregular here, only the irregular was right here. A regular life meant that we had fled to a place of safety; we had abandoned the group life to seek a more private and secluded life. Where the Japanese wanted to disturb was indubitably a place of significance to our nation, a place that helped the war, and where the Japanese didn't bother was a place futile and unnecessary in the war. Let me go to the dugout with the people, even if it was foolish! We were living on a mountain; we were seeking isolation and a regular life here during the war. Peipei didn't care about anything; it only wanted to live.

Mr. Wang saw us when we came near the house. It was about seven o'clock in the morning. "Your house was bombed, but luckily, you were in the mountains!" Where was the damage? We couldn't see it from this side. Our house! We went into the garden, and there it was. Mother's room only had three walls. The carpenter was going to begin rebuilding. One part of the ceiling which was threatening to fall was supported by a few poles. "Wonderful light for reading and so much sunshine in Mother's room now!" "It is as bright as outdoors."

The ceiling of the study had fallen; even the rats' home was damaged; they, like us, no longer could have privacy. There was very little damage in my room as

it was on the other side. The tiles from the roof had fallen. The damage was surprisingly small. We prowled through the rooms and at once exclaimed in surprise at the lot of shrapnel collected by Ching San and temporarily placed under Meimei's bed. Some pieces were awful looking, and there was a twisted propeller. I had my camera with me and kept taking photographs which at the time seemed silly. So the damage was for us to take photographs of! I poked fun at myself. Silly, silly! I finished the whole reel of films.

Now we had seen it and photographed it and there was nothing more to do. The garden that was just growing grass when we left was now wild with weeds, and the pepper plants we planted were already hung with red pepper. Time had passed and we did not know it in the mountains. We brought some more things to the mountains in case they should bomb again. And then from our house we went to town. I remembered how we used to go to town, and now, here on the same path, we were leaving our empty house and going to see the town and rush to the mountain again, that cozy hiding place.

I could not recognize Peipei. This third bombing had been very severe. The roads were broadened and less crowded since the shops we knew so well had been torn down or were being torn down. All the shops along that road were gone. I remembered particularly well one shop that sold glass tubes for vegetable oil lamps; we had visited the shop very often. The glass tubes burst very easily if the flame were just a little bit too large or too small. So when we entered the store the fat and handsome lady would ask, "Glass tubes?" And we would say, "What else?" Of course selling glass at

this time was a risky business, but they kept their storage in the country and transported the supply bit by bit each day, only to replace the small amount of goods put on display. During the first bombing, the shops on the right had been destroyed and during the second, the bakery on the left had been destroyed. And now it was gone. But I heard that it was torn down and not bombed. The fat lady must be smiling to customers somewhere else.

How Peipei had changed in the lapse of more than two months! It was unrecognizable. It was a growing town that enjoyed the privilege and the reputation of not being bombed. The Japanese would not let them have it. Now there was not a house that had glass in every window, and not a house that didn't have a cracked ceiling. Peipei had grown and learned through suffering. Now workers at this early hour were working on the houses, and the rest of Peipei was living as usual. The shops that were not ordered to be torn down were still wide open, or, it seemed, open doubly wide. There were still window shoppers, though there was hardly anything to look at. People went through the streets on their important and busy errands and did not even cast a glance at the demolishing work or at the new empty space. That was the charm of the people in Peipei. Only we from the mountains looked on, puzzled and anxious. We did not see the town yesterday and day before yesterday as they did. A whole block with the big bookstore and the modernly furnished Hazelwood, with its jelly and coffee, had been burned down. It was strangely empty, and we could see ashes and charred wood amidst the broken bricks. Hazelwood was gone, so was the shop selling old medi-

cine; but I knew somewhere, perhaps farther from this scattered town, a new Hazelwood was putting up its white gauze curtains and a bookstore was arranging the books on the shelves. The fire had not spread far because the street, at that point, was wide. But most of Peipei rejoiced secretly at the burning of this block of houses, while helping Hazelwood salvage the forks and knives and the canned fruits, because the owner was disliked by them. Peipei!

I was mistaken. The streets were still crowded in spite of the additional space. People were still wriggling through with their baskets, returning from the market. The market was destroyed, but food was still sold. Someone was gargling by the roadside. A mother was fixing her daughter's hair. Peipei looked sacred with its ruins. Its spirit was immutable. With a rugged, charred pillar as a background, that gargling man and the girl having her hair combed looked like heroes. Even the cloth shoes put on display along the roadside were something praiseworthy. The bombs had taken away from Peipei its trimmings; only the main structure stood bare and bold. And in that ruin was a symbol of strength. Peipei had emerged a pure and brighter place through bloodshed. Jesus looked more godly on the cross than otherwise. And Peipei was inspiring with its ruins, for life, contrasted against the ruins, looked merrier and more attractive. Peipei was beautiful spiritually now.

Through the streets we came to the river, where wooden barges lay with different kinds of cargo. Men were carrying timber on their shoulders to the near-by shed. They sang, "*Hi-ah! Ho-ah!*" in rhythm with their footsteps. Their backs were bent and they were

sweating. On the twenty or thirty barges were women and children, all busy at their little tasks, and on the banks were people waiting to go across the river. It was an early hour, and work was already in full swing. From the factory chimney black smoke came out, and in the workshops there was the sound of sawing and cutting wood. In the background was the old market place, burned down during the second bombing; there was just a stretch of scorched earth. The river was flowing along and more barges were coming in, but we were leaving Peipei with our backs turned toward it and the "*Hi-ah! Ho-ah!*" and the dropping of the timber growing faint.

Peipei was more and more charming after each bombing, the ruins having only added to its charm. It was like a certain type of woman who looked more beautiful in plain white than overdressed. The plainer she dressed herself, the more beautiful she was. But Peipei was not just beautiful, it was courageous and strong and indomitable. I must report that it was good life with the people. Striving to live in spite of everything, with living as the end and living as the means. For me, Peipei was more and more lovable after each bombing, for only when there was empty space could the spirit come out which normally was hidden under the surface. I never wanted to leave Peipei. It was silly thinking about it while leaving it. But I knew it was to be temporary, until the summer was over, and then we should come down and live after each bombing and survive with our people. I wouldn't mind living here forever. Call it a little town, a provincial place, if you like, when you see us shout with joy each night with the coming of the electricity. Peipei represented that

life of a whole people together who work hard and laugh loud.

Thinking about Peipei, we were already in the green fields, tall with rice. Peipei, I must come back again!

Leaving Peipei

By Anor

When we knew we had to leave China again, it was a great disappointment to all of us. Of course we did not like the air raids, but we did not want to leave China at all. The rice saplings just planted upon our arrival had turned yellow, and were leaning downwards of their own weight, as we were about to leave.

We began to pack listlessly. Something had come across our minds. This time we were packing to leave our country. We did not want to leave China again; no, we did not like to go abroad now, when a war was going on. But we had to, because Father had to go abroad, and Mother had to take care of Father and we children had to follow both.

We went down to Peipei and planned to stay in a hotel for a night. We found it hard to leave Mrs. Wang and Kan-Kan, her new baby son. For the last time the monk who took charge of the temple stood up on a rock and shouted for sedan chairs.

We went down. All the way, the scenery was more beautiful than usual, the green bamboo leaves and the misty air. All the fright of air raids was forgotten. Now it was only sorrow to leave our land. The cool breeze blew back my hair. We were really leaving. When could we come back again and visit Peipei and Chin Yun Shan and think about this time?

Now we were in Peipei. The dugouts were there, those dark holes in the mountain into which Peipei crept when sirens shrieked. We were in one of them once, and we shall be proud of it. What a sight these caves will be in a few decades from now, and I shall stand proudly by them, and say once I was in the caves too, seeking refuge from deadly bombs. I shall smile with pride, for I had suffered and gone through what our people, every Chinese, should go through, because they are Chinese. I was proud I had had the experience of air raids, and prouder still that our house was bombed. We had shared a portion in this great war then, and we should. One day the Japs will be driven off. The day was nearing and I knew it.

Peipei was very lovable on that night. Its ruins and its remains were beautiful, they looked so understanding and old, they marked experience and endurance. The moon once more lit the streets with its pale, sober light, everything was black and white. We were leaving. Oh, that same moon with its ghostly beauty. It cast shadows upon the roads. Everything there said, we were leaving, we were leaving and we did not want to. Years ago, back three or four years, Chinese used to admire the moon, and raise their cup to it, but not now; the moon only shines for black iron creatures to drop bombs; it was under the suspicion of being a traitor. The moon was not Chinese these days.

We had dinner in the new restaurant, and they drank to our safe voyage to some place very, very far away. That place did not exist in Peipei; there could be no sign it was in the same world with this one, yet it was. Black clouds began to gather, and soon there was rain. Every nerve in me was strange, and each nerve wanted

to act differently, and I felt like a mixture of everyone. The rain splashed on my face, and I did not mind. We were leaving; let it rain, let it splash on me. I wanted to get the most I could out of it now. Those caves and dugouts, when can I go in there again? Even an air raid was a precious memory now; we were not going to have many of them.

We walked back to the hotel. The black mountains against the bright sky were there, and far on top of it, on that little slope, was Chin Yun Shan, and the two little rooms we had stayed in for over a month. I wished I could hold China, feel it, see the whole of it, everywhere in China. I wanted to see the whole map of China. Why could I not stay? Every bit of the houses left was precious. I did not want to go abroad; that was meant for Westerners, not Chinese. Peipei, Peipei! I did not want to leave.

Last Night in Peipei

By Adet

Peipei, Peipei. Were we to leave you? I could not believe it. I had planned and imagined myself with everybody in Peipei on the day of our victory, on the day every single one of the Japanese troops left China forever, on the day of the birth of a new nation. We would go into the streets and shout and jump and rejoice as we had suffered. That would be the greatest day! We would put on all the rouge and powder and all the jewels we had—and laugh when people called us crazy girls. We would bring all the gongs out and light firecrackers and break a few dishes and go dancing on the streets and we would wave our flags and jump into the bus and go to Chungking and take everyone by the hand and circle around and around until we were dead tired and sit on the sidewalk and see others circle around. We would never go to sleep and we would take big torches into the dugouts and shout as loud as we could, and we would put all the white dresses and all the white sheets out on the yard and light all the lamps we had, for there should be no more air raid, no more targets, no more shooting planes and shrapnel, no more killing, no more casualties! The beginning of a wonderful life! I would get drunk and get sick and I would get a stomach-ache because I would be too happy. And everyone in Peipei would do the same. There would

be no suffering, no young and old, only a nation rejoicing in its victory. We would parade and hail the war veterans and thank everyone and congratulate everyone for this victory. It would last days and nights until we were all exhausted, and even in our sleep there would be cheering and laughter.

But now I had to leave. Victory had not come and they were still going into dugouts day and night just to wait for that day. I could not wait with them. I was to go away and not see that day here with Peipei. It was like deserting. It was as if I could not wait, was too impatient to wait, as they did, to see that day. But I would rather wait even if my days were doubly long just for that day. It was worth all the while one could put into it. I knew Peipei and I knew how it would wait until the day came. There would be more bombing, more killed, more houses destroyed. But the carpenter would bend his head making a chair, the shopkeeper would bend his head wrapping goods, the laborer would bend his head under the load, the clerk would bend his head to the desk, all until that day arrives and they lift their heads.

We went to the hotel to put away our luggage. We retraced our steps to our home, which still bore the marks of bombing. It was getting dark and hazy and the hills were dark. We went into the house and the rooms looked hollow and empty. Carpenter Li was still fixing the wall. Why should I see this house with a parting feeling? I went into my room. It was empty except for a bamboo desk; several pieces of glass were still missing in the window. The ceiling in Father's study wasn't fixed yet. Ching San said something about getting it all fixed before we returned. He did not know

we were leaving for far away. The bathtub was littered with crumbled bits of paint and earth. We asked Ching San about the twisted propeller of the bomb which was found in our garden. He apologetically mumbled he had sold it and got \$2.80 for it. It was 15 cents per catty and the thing weighed about 18 catties, which was 14 pounds. For once we were displeased with Ching San, for we intended to ask Mr. Wang to keep it in the house for us until we returned. We had told Ching San about it and he had not understood clearly. Besides, he had also been cheated, for he could have got much more for it.

We came out and gave the house a last look. It was not a lovable house, but because it was associated with our life in Peipei, leaving it was like leaving everything. We turned around and came back to town. Mr. Wang, who had been in Peipei for the past few days, was giving us a farewell party at a new restaurant which had just opened up after the third bombing. We took our flashlights and went through the demolished streets to that group of houses that still stood. We went up a shaky staircase and landed in a crowded room packed with people and tables. We turned behind another partition, and there was the prettily-set table waiting for us.

Mr. M. and Mr. W. were there. Mr. Hsiao and Mr. Hsi were there and Miss Chao came later. Most of them knew that we were going away but did not know where. The electricity hadn't come on. The room did not have any wall on the side facing the river, and therefore we had a grand view and a breeze. Black clouds sailed swiftly by and there was wind, cool and

refreshing. We heard rumblings of thunder far away, and there were streaks of lightning once in a while. It was the brewing of a storm on a summer night. It was August 16.

On the pebbled shore along the river which flowed quietly now were torches and piles of paper money burning in different places. The wind blew and licked the fire angrily. Why fires? Why torches? The thunder continued and came nearer and the wind sweeping across our room was almost chilly. We learned that the burning of paper money was for the wandering ghosts, ghosts of those who had drowned, starved, or died an unjust death, ghosts that had no living relatives to burn paper money for them. So everyone gathered some paper money and sent it to the ghosts so that they should not come and bother them. I didn't care what it was for. It was beautiful. The fires were small and some burned out while others were starting. The fires were frantic and dancing madly according to the wind. The voices of people burning the paper were carried to us by the wind.

Across the river there were many lights from the university village and far back were the mountains, more impressive because of the blackness, and over the mountain came the pounding of thunder. The whole thing was fantastic, and that it should happen on our last night in Peipei! We expected big rain drops to splash on our table at any minute. Let the rain come! It was our last night in Peipei! Why should all this excitement of the earth come to us when we were leaving? Let it come, because we were leaving Peipei. Was it wrath from Heaven or fine threads of feeling that wove the

scene before us? Was it made to make us excited and forget about our departure, or was it only to increase and magnify that parting thought? It was hypnotizing and beautiful, like the tribute to the wandering ghosts.

At the table there were interesting remarks and eloquent speeches and waves of laughter. There was wine. Mr. Wang kept filling the tiny wine bowls. We were waiting for the electricity to come on, as the candles and lamps were quivering desperately in the wind. Then it came on. The rooms were suddenly bright and almost dazzling and the scene outside blacker than ever, as if soaked in Chinese ink. The fires on the shore looked dim and weak now. The thunder kept on. Voices sounded louder under the electric light and we concentrated on the table. The dinner was luxurious and there was even fish. Everyone became talkative after the wine. Even Father drank, and I drank, too. All drank to the victory in this war, to various persons at the table, and then to Mrs. Wang and Kan-Kan who were unable to come down from the temple. That was our only regret.

"And when you come back, on the day of victory, you must drink ten cups of wine!"

"All right, it's a deal. Ten cups, and now I have taken three!"

When would we come back?

Why should I be leaving and saying later, "I wish I had . . ." ? This was something I wanted more than anything else. It was of little concern to say, "I wish I had . . ." of something else, but not of this. Why should I act against my will in this something I particularly insisted upon? Every word said and every

move made only helped to make me believe that I was leaving.

The storm didn't come; it passed over. After the party, with the flashlights leading the way, we went through the street to the hotel and retired for the night.

Chungking

By Adet

It was about half past nine when we reached Mr. Tong's house in Chungking, but it was already very hot. We went to his house where he kindly allowed us to stay. The hotel we had stayed in last time was destroyed. It was cool indoors, but still the expectation of an air raid made us restless. We sat and drank tea and cooled ourselves. It seemed that we were actually waiting for the air raid. But what would an air raid in Chungking be like? Would the explosions be deafening? Would it last a long time? One thing we were certain of was a long, continuous "rest" in the dark dugout until the all-clear signal.

Then, ten minutes after our arrival, people said the red balls were hung up. An air raid! We were inexperienced. We were lucky to have arrived in Chungking in time. We went out to see the red ball that was hung on a pole on top of a hill. We saw in that parching heat workers moving things out from the Administration office. They looked like typewriters. They were put into a storage shelter near the building, which had about ten feet of earth as its roof. It was so hot that some had white towels wrapped around their heads and others wore large straw hats. Outside on the streets was a lot of stirring, but we couldn't see it, since we were within the compound of the Administration. There was a good

dugout near by, Mrs. Tong said. Should we go early? We were green and we did not want to take chances in Chungking. It was not Peipei. I remembered how in Peipei we used to hear the echoes of explosions from Chungking; we could hear them fifty miles away. What would happen when they came?

Mrs. Tong's servant began to collect a few books, Mr. Tong's suits, and two suitcases and she took them and put them away in a small stone house about eight by ten feet. Our luggage was put there, too. The storage house was not any safer than the house, but being smaller, it had less chance of getting a direct hit, and there was also the idea of distribution of risk. In Chungking no house was safe, any house might get a direct hit. Each of the thirty-eight times so far, the bombs were poured down and not aimed, so there was no group of five or six houses without one or two bombed, and it was most common that a house should stand in the middle of a block of ruins. We had some luggage, naturally, that had to undergo the risks. But we might come out and see Mr. Tong's house destroyed and have no place to sleep in tonight. That feeling dwelt in the heart of each man and woman of Chungking before each air raid, and when the air raid was over there were many who found that the feeling had come true.

Then came the siren and the second ball was hung up. How the siren shrieked! It was awful to hear, like someone pulling a vein out of you. The siren in Peipei was never so shrill, so urgent as here. At that signal every man and child went into a different state of mind. Almost all stopped what they were doing and began to get ready for the caves. There were more trudging feet on the streets. The bus tooted and cars tooted, all leav-

ing for the country. The tension increased and the footsteps quickened and in the compound there were men running around. We were all set to go, waiting for the third signal. There was something the matter with our hearts—probably excitement. Mrs. Tong was calm as she knew all of these steps. The weather was horrible, and we could see the heat in the air as there was a thin layer of haze. I sat still and felt that all Chungking was moving. The whole world was moving and going to the caves! Everyone was moving. An air raid was something no one could get away from; we could only find shelter. The planes were going to come to this sky and drop bombs, and there would be much work to do.

Usually when we find misery on earth we look up to the sky, and in its purity we find peace. But now we looked to the sky suspiciously, for this time disaster came from above, and we went under the earth. Why was the world so topsy-turvy, that one should call a rainy day a lovely day and a dark, stormy night the perfect night? Why must we expect no sleep and spend the best hours of the day in a dark cave, only to cramp work into that little space between day and night? And into all this absurdity we had to plunge, with only the light of a dream to guide us through.

During these hours there was no master or servant, no employer or employee, each man was in himself independent and was reduced to the status nature gave him. No social element could intervene. There were only men, women, and children and the difference of young and old. For we were struggling for our lives, and that life had no class distinction. It was all the same. I liked to see these people all welded into one, for only then, threatened by danger and encouraged by the vision of

better life, did man seem so good. Only then, when I saw people working with an ear for the siren and a bundle at the side, or when I surveyed the faces, young and old, waiting to go into a cave, did I truly feel that man was noble. And that nobleness was in man. It was his natural character and not something taught to him. Here was no place for elaborate bearing or sophisticated mannerisms and all the artificial and absurd distractions which we prized as civilization.

In the "normal" life, such things became the chief aims of our existence, but here we found that there was something else which we had neglected, under cover of artificiality, and that we found was the true essence of manhood. For though we lived simply here, we slept, we ate, and we worked, there was no brutishness of existence. Only here man was most noble and his best qualities showed out. Only here was there something wonderful and sublime and worth dying for the life of a human being. There was the combination of brotherhood, good cheer, a high ideal, and fundamental pleasures of life; by that I mean enjoying a sunset, a long sleep after a day's work, the smell of vegetable soup. No one need be taught or need cultivate such pleasures; they came with the senses naturally.

The third siren came, desperate and panting with effort and almost out of breath. It was like a cry for rescue and for help. It made us all want to rush into the caves. It was almost like frustration. But perhaps only that type of siren could make the people of Chungking realize the danger and leave their work. At this signal we left the house and went across the compound. The heat added to the excitement; we hurried down, and there were already crowds descending the stone

steps on the slope to the dugouts. We followed them, and each one kept his head down, watching the steps. On the left and on the right were also people descending. Almost everyone had a straw fan which he held over his head. It was a patient crowd. People were talking in low voices. All along there was a loud droning in the sky, but we could not see the planes, and were a bit frightened. Could there be enemy planes already? They were our own, Mrs. Tong said, waiting to combat the enemy. Oh! Then the droning, instead of having a terrifying tone, instantly became something encouraging and aroused our pride. We were again "green" from the country, for over the sky of Peipei or the mountains, we saw at most five Chinese planes at one time; here over the capital there were many more. That was why we didn't recognize the sound.

At the entrance of the cave we could see nothing. The sunlight outside was glaring and here it was pitch dark. We turned on the flashlights and found our way across the wooden boards put in the middle of the passage. Evidently there were a lot of people in the cave. We only heard voices and could not see the people. We groped to our seats and sat down.

There was a vegetable oil lamp over us, a tiny primitive thing; the stools where we sat were smooth and solid. It all went well together and there was a kind of unity in the cave. The ground was slightly damp. The light was beautiful, but we could do nothing in that light except to talk. There was electric light in the cave, but as soon as the third alarm was announced, it was shut off.

Now everyone was in a cave, everyone except the policemen and the pilots in the air. We were all waiting.

Here in the caves, all sitting on stools, were people who had come three thousand miles from far-off Peiping, Shanghai, Canton, and everywhere else; people who had passed through adventures and narrow escapes, all the fortunate people who wanted to come to Chungking and had reached Chungking. And then there were natives of Chungking. They were surprised, excited, and constantly astonished by these people from the east, but they had welcomed them with open arms, as this was one nation, one people now, and they themselves knew from the air raids how true their experiences were. Chungking became the melting pot for all, and now it took them all into its bowels to shelter them against the raids. One people and one nation! There were those who never reached Chungking, those who by the law of chance were killed or captured on the way. They never reached Chungking to see it today at this hour, everyone waiting for the enemy to come.

Nothing happened in the first half hour, and waiting in the cave we were getting bored and listless. Here we were with the people of Chungking. What would happen next no one knew. There might be some air combat outside Chungking. For the first time we were waiting with Chungking during an air raid. It should be the beginning of the beginning, but it was only a big treat before we were to go away. Something might happen to make us stay in Chungking. I felt that something would, because it was impossible to conceive that we were to leave China, leaving all this behind, going to a place we did not regard as important. Something must happen to make us stay. Let me stay in this dark cave for I knew it was part of Chungking. Even that boredom and that enforced idleness were good and had some

energetically about this and that. Everyone was on the verge of falling asleep before the long hours dragged away, as the air in the cave was getting stuffy and unpleasant. We were constantly changing our positions, standing up for a few minutes, trying different ways of sitting, bending our knees, leaning against the damp wall with the straw fan as a cushion, and even sitting erect and formal on the stool. How long would it be?

And then about two o'clock in the afternoon came another drone. We tightened our nerves. Perhaps this time it was going to be near; I would change my position left and right. Then they came. Some faces in the cave were patient and tempered. They looked at the wall, played with their tongues. But it still meant something to me. I could hear the bombs come down and explode almost at the same time. The cave again shook and the light was blown off. Then they went away again. The explosions had been nearer, but not too near yet. Some people began lighting the lamps again.

Why was it that there was always something shaken out of me when I heard the blasts? Each time, a little piece was taken out and I would feel empty and hollow in a certain place. It flew away with the explosions and I would feel strangely empty, just like a bomb after its explosion. A series of pictures would flash: houses burned, perhaps people killed, the fire squad fighting fire, the heat, the fire, and the water. These things were happening in different parts of the city. Yet here in the cave it was still, always patiently dark and peaceful. Many were changing their sitting positions, laughing low about their little adventures as if nothing had happened. I had an impulse to rush out and see and run. What had happened after all? The question gushed for-

ward and made me want to do something about it. Was the damage large? Was there a fire? Where was it? Let me know!

How calm and tempered the people looked in the cave! After a sigh or a shrug of their shoulders, they would lean back resigned. It was not their first time. They had stuck it out for the last two years. They did not have to run out and see. They sat and a few would yawn. Somehow, looking at their faces, I grew resigned too. Wait, wait! A sigh, a bored person, and wait! Damn the Japs!

We all had a feeling when an all-clear was about to come; there was a type of silence. At about three o'clock the electricity was turned on and in a second came the all-clear siren, long, whistling like a person exhaling in relief. Out we went!

Did you ever see beaming faces on everybody? Let the siren sing as long as it wished, for it was all clear and people would smile while listening to it. Let it sound for an hour and we wouldn't care; it was all clear!

The sun was very hot. We could not stay under it for a minute before we perspired. We climbed up the slope and walked to Mr. Tong's house, and by then we were all wet. A breathing space for all Chungking, a rest from care.

After lunch we went out to the streets to look around and merely to walk on the streets of Chungking. Chungking was almost sacred to me. Every minute I spent there was precious to me, for I was in Chungking. I was under the spell of Chungking. There was no certain date as to when we would leave. Let there be a delay. Even one more night in Chungking was good.

When were we to leave? I remember the dusk on the streets of Chungking that late afternoon. It was dry and, when a ricksha passed by, a cloud of dust would fly up, and I remember how. We watched the people on the streets. Everywhere were ruins, ruins; not a home intact, and here and there was a large crater with crumbles of earth around it, and it would be left there. The people walked unperturbed on the dusty roads in the late afternoon. Dust flew up and down, but the child across the street was always there. Chungking was a city that lived on the will to live, rather than on anything else. It is the people that make a city, and here there were only people and ruins.

This part particularly had been badly damaged in previous bombings, though it was not bombed today. What were the people doing? They were strolling, buying, talking, washing, cooking. The dust was brown and the roof tiles gray; but everywhere moving people made the scene alive. The heat was intense and it gave the people a fever of additional strength. That fever was what helped to uphold the city. It was that fever that made Chungking a wonderful place to live in. Suppose no one was in Chungking now, what would it look like? I dared not imagine. The people lived, for they were wonderful beings. They would never, never die. They would live when even the city of Chungking was leveled, for if they existed a new city could be built. It was only without these people that anything could be hopeless. (As I write this, I learn that all of the wiped-out district *has* been rebuilt. The people are carrying on!)

Chungking was beautiful when we looked from far away, and beautiful when we looked near; even a

pebble in Chungking was beautiful. There were melons on sale in a shop without a front. A girl and a mother in blue were doing the business. The melons were green and lustrous, and we chose two. "How much?" "Eighty cents for the big one, sixty for the small." "What nonsense. One dollar for two." "No such thing, the melons are from Peipei." "I *know* Peipei." We compromised, and it was \$1.20. There was something wonderful about that. Melons were real, and the woman was very real about the price. She was counting her money and the melons in her shop; she was driving the flies away, constantly waving her hand. She sat on the shiny bamboo stool, keeping her eyes on the melons. She was asking her daughter to do something for her. She wiped the sweat off her forehead with the back of her wrist. Her hair was a little brown from working in the sun. She put the money into her pocket and gave us a brave smile. "Come again!"

I held one melon, a melon from Peipei. There was a label with a seal pasted on the melon. One could return it if it weren't sweet, it said, and the seal said, "Product of a Peipei Farm." Getting Westernized? The melon was heavy, but it was cool and smooth to feel.

Chungking was composed of young patriots who were working fourteen hours a day, of officials planning and working day and night, and of these common people who knew nothing better than to be cheerful under such circumstances—and of some people we didn't like who, we said, just happened to be in Chungking. The strength was in the youth and in the common people, for they were the nation.

Chungking

By Anor

When we arrived at Chungking in a bus, we were very lucky to be invited to be guests at Mr. and Mrs. Tong's place. The hotels were all bombed or wrecked.

Chungking alarms were different from Peipei, the sirens were louder, and there were red balls hung up. Hardly had we arrived when we heard the people shouting. The servant ran outside and saw a red ball at the top of a hill.

"Here again!" he shouted. They began to move chairs to the cave, while we sat waiting for the third alarm to go off. Mr. Tong and all the rest of the men worked at the office till the third alarm as they could not afford to spend their days waiting for sirens and going to dugouts. We hurried through our meal. It was already very nice because we were tasting butter and real cakes and beef such as we did not have in Peipei.

Then our planes began to fly up in the sky. There must have been fifty or sixty of them, some one said. Then the siren sang. It was the second alarm, and it went, "oooooooo-oo, ooooooooo-oo, ooooooooo-oo, etc." It was not so frightening as it was only the second one. Then the third sang. It had a long oooooo at first, and then, there were short, strong, oo's at the end, and they gradually deepened in tone, and at last, making a heavy panting sound that was very sad, it was so deep. Then we went to a cave, the cave of the publicity bureau.

It was very large and could hold over two hundred people. It was in the shape of a horseshoe and had two entrances. Each cave had to have at least two, as one might be blocked up and people would have to be dug out.

There was the strangest feeling in that cave. It was dug about seventy feet into the ground. That is, it was on a hillside and the cave was dug into the hill. That was deeper down than they bury dead people, so I felt it was quite safe, and if there were graves on top of us I would have felt safer. So I was not so scared, and there were so many people in there talking and talking that even if planes flew quite near, we would not have heard them. But when there were planes over our head, it did seem loud. Chungking was already nearer America; I felt that immediately when I heard Father talking with some foreign correspondents in that cave. They talked American. We had not talked or heard a word of English for so long and it seemed queer.

Chungking was already very modern. There were electric lights all over, and I was not used to them. I could not get used to the idea that you could just turn a switch and have the room lighted, without having to strike a match again and again to light the oil lamp which was very hard to light. After the oil lamps were lighted, the room would be still quite dark, and then little butterfly sort of insects would come into the room and *buzz* and *buzz* until you could not stand them, and you would have to go to bed instead. At night, when I saw the whole of Chungking lighted, it seemed almost miraculous. Of course when there was a night raid, the city had its electricity shut off, a blackout. So as soon as there was one bulb lighted in the cave, it meant

the all-clear signal. In there, I thought of all these things, as once you got into the cave, there was nothing to do except sit and wait, and sit and wait, and that usually lasted about four or five hours. Some people usually went to sleep as there was nothing else to do. But I could not sleep sitting up, and I thought I was not going to sleep if they were going to bomb Chungking. But really it made no difference, and people may as well sleep through it. Mother and Mrs. Tong began to talk and talk. We each had a straw fan to fan away the mosquitoes around our legs. So we waited and waited, and that day they did not bomb very near. Here in Chungking, unless the bombs were right on top of your heads, they did not count it as near. We heard the bombs, and the cave shook a little, but that was all.

On the second day it was the same thing, only it was very long and we almost sat ourselves flat in the cave. The planes came very early, at ten, and they let us out at four, and so we never had any lunch. We had bought about twelve boiled eggs and shared them with our cousins who were in Chungking, too, and who came to visit us. When we finished the eggs, there was nothing else to do, and we just sat and sat, and as the cave was very dark, you could not get up and take a walk in the cave, and even if you did get up to walk, you would probably trample on someone's leg, and fall down on the wet ground, and then get yourself all wet and smeared with mud, and people would probably scold you; and then, if you tried to get back to your seat, it would be so dark, you probably would sit upon someone else, and then your seat would be occupied and you probably would have to share a seat with your sister,

and then she would probably fall asleep on your shoulder, and your neighbor probably would have an awful smell, and then you would be hot, and just then you probably would hear a bomb explode, and then you maybe would fall down again, and your sister probably would start to cry, and you would trample upon a foot, and the owner of the foot would probably cry out, and he would probably be bare-footed, and then you would have no place to wash yourself, and would have to sit through the rest of the raid, and when the all-clear was given, you perhaps would come out like a mine digger, and people would ask what happened, and they would probably not believe you, and then would take you as a traitor, and then, etc., etc. . . .

So we stewed through the hours, and talked with our cousins, and one who was very much interested in our typing asked again whether we had mastered it completely, and he said it was very useful, and we agreed, and we were just about talking nonsense, and then the all-clear rang, and your back would be so stiff from sitting, you would not want to get up, and even when you got up you would surely fall into a ditch and get your leg all wet, and when you came out it would be so very bright that the sun would prick your eyes, and you would most often see some flames and smoke out of a certain part of Chungking, and you would be thankful it did not come very near, and you would be seized with the guilt that you had wished it to burn there and not here.

So that was a typical Chungking air raid. But that night the Japs did not think we had enough, so a scouting plane came, and at about ten, when we had just switched off our very convenient electric lights, a gong

beat, and very loudly too, and cars began to toot. Mrs. Tong got up, and so did we. It was another of those things. In these Chungking raids if you wanted to, you could cry your head off about everything. So we got up and smiled and then we went to the dugout. We had visited Mr. Tong's office before the third alarm shrieked. People were already moving the precious typewriters and all the valuables to a cave, and Mr. Tong was still working. The floor of the room was already half charcoal, and the windows were all burned, but there was still the room, and it had not gone yet. In that office we met an Scotchman who had studied Chinese at Oxford and who had become a Chinese citizen, and he was the most Chinese person you ever saw. Ma Pin Ho is his name, and he smoked his cigarettes to the very end, which was very Chinese and was not very neat, and refused to talk English. He just worked making English broadcasts and refused to receive more salary than enough to keep him alive.

We could see the lighted red lanterns hung up, and they looked too pretty for air-raid signals. Mr. Tong said they were printing pamphlets to have our pilots fly them over to Nanking and drop them, to tell our people there that we were still fighting in good form. Once they flew over to Japan and for the next three days the Japs were so scared they pointed their antiaircraft guns to the sky.

But then the lights went off, and we knew that meant the third alarm, and soon the alarm shrieked. The third alarm was very frightening, screaming everywhere, and in the coolness of the night, when sharp breezes blew around, the third alarm would scream and make people shiver with terror and feel that things were not so

pleasant, and we went to the dugout about eleven o'clock, and stewed there. We were very tired and thirsty, so we had to curl ourselves on the little stools and try to sleep. We took turns sitting on the big chair.

There was an American reporter who was very kind to bring a chair all the way from his house for Adet to sit on. Japs are mouselike, and that night it was exactly so. The planes came, only eighteen of them, as they did not have gasoline in plenty, and then they went, and it was about 1 A.M. when we got out. We thought they might come again, as it is typical of the Japs to do little things in big ways. As the Germans were bombing London furiously, it meant hard times for us too, for the Japs were copycats of the Germans. And without fail, at two, when we just about went to sleep, the gong beat again. They beat gongs at night to wake people up, and then they had the red balls too. As I thought they would come again, I had not changed into pajamas and had just gone to sleep with even my shoes on. When the siren came I just slipped on my rubbers and went to the dugout, and there we sat and sat again, and they did not even come to bomb Chungking, but went and bombed some other place. So we came out at four, and as it was about dawn we thought they would not come again. Three times in twenty-four hours was bad enough; we had spent nine of the twenty-four hours in the cave, and four of the fifteen hours left waiting for the third alarm to ring, so that we could go to the dugouts. So we had eleven hours left, and we slept about four, and in the rest we did not do a thing.

Night Raid

By Adet

The moon was full and at about seven o'clock a Japanese scouting plane came. Night raid? Distant lightning and thunder followed; night raid or not? It was still a question. Anor and Meimei had retired early. "Sleep while you can!" was a slogan in Chungking.

At nine the red ball went up, but only a few moved, thinking that the bombers might cancel their trip on account of the storm. The red ball was now lighted at night from within, like a festival lantern. Then it began to rain; big drops splashed on the stone pavement in front of the house, making a clear note. We sat at the door, looking out at the rain and waiting to hear the siren. Our rubbers were brought down. The rooms in Mr. Tong's office were still lighted, and Mr. Tong and a few others were still working hard at the office. *oooooooooooo*— came the sirens. Since the raiders were defying the rain, let the lightning bring a few down for us! We put on the rubbers and brought out the flashlight. In the darkness I could see figures with bent backs moving heavy articles in front of the office. They had begun it again. Even at night they moved. Then the rain stopped. The two red lanterns were hung. Everyone had waked up and there was again the preparation to go to dugouts. Would the third alarm come?

It came—that long, excited, irritating, miserable sig-

nal, and we came down the slope. Each had a light in hand. The moon was for the moment hidden behind the dark clouds. People from all directions came to this little road to enter the cave. The lights danced on the ground, and there was only a low murmur among the people. About fifty feet away from us was another lane leading to a cave. It was beautiful to see the lights flicker and dance. The people were only dark figures, for it was eleven o'clock. The caves were black and the rock looked more rugged than ever. But the soft lights were very beautiful, like fireflies in a summer night. It was quiet all around; everyone in Chungking was going into the caves. Lights would flash and sometimes disappear and then flash again. I saw figures enter the cave and disappear into the black, with their flashlights. The lighted queues outside shortened. A night raid. The procession to the dugouts was even more inspiring. The night was cool, and all the dust, broken bricks, dead weeds, and shrapnel were drowned in the darkness. Nobody was anybody any longer, just one of the people, one of the paraders to the caves, one of the fellow men. Our planes were again droning in the upper sky waiting to combat the enemy. The crowd was silent. No one knew who was behind him or in front of him. Each pair of eyes were only looking at the footsteps, at that circle of lights on the grade. There was tension; there hadn't been a night raid for a long time.

Could the air raids also be beautiful? It seemed almost like a night lantern procession, only the feeling in men was very different. Each one was quiet; each one should be sleeping instead of walking here. Bombs would descend during the day. But night had calmed the hearts. Night made the raids a deeper and more

spiritual thing. For at night when one could not see clearly all that was around, one saw only the vague outline of the whole, filled in with imagination, and that was again a different thing from that of the day. It was colored by a mood. So everything was mysterious; even oneself could dissolve into the mysterious, for feeling reigns over the night as the mind reigns over the day. Even the air raids had begun to have an imaginative quality. Let the lights flicker in darkness; it was beautiful. But it lasted only some ten minutes. Everyone was in the cave, and then this capital would stand still in rocklike silence.

The cave was damper than usual. The ground was thoroughly wet and we walked on the board laid across it. In our seats we looked up at the impish oil lamp. That was the only bright thing. Tired from a day of cave-sitting, tired from working, tired of waiting, people dozed off on their stools. The cave was so familiar. Someone began to snore loudly, and all of a sudden, everyone else stopped whispering. We let the snorer do a solo for a minute and then burst into laughter, and he woke up and asked, "Huuh?"

The lamp was too full and the oil dripped into my hair. I tried to wipe it off. Another drop fell and I was forced to push off and doze on one side. It was crowded anyway, and I could not move forward because I would come too near the center of the way. In front a woman sat and laid her head on her knees; her neighbor leaned against the wet wall; a child slept in a mother's lap, and the mother was patting him, with weary eyes. There was nothing to see, no place to move around, and I slept. The all-clear siren woke me up at one o'clock. Yes, it was good for the all-clear to wake people up.

The planes had not been able to come to Chungking and had bombed the suburb. Everyone woke up. We formed the queue out; again the lights! We were heading for bed to have a good night's sleep. People were cheerful, for if nothing else could make us cheerful, the all-clear could. We scattered and each went to his house. The rooms were lighted for a little while, and then one light went out after another. We went to bed after saying good night. It took a little time to fall asleep, and then, just as we were entering the stage of real sleep, the siren shrieked again. Was it a joke, a game, a funny trick? I am sure everyone said, "Damn the Japs!" Just when we were trying to sleep! It was most annoying. We did everything all over again. Luckily the workmen had not moved the things out from the storage; otherwise they would have been just in time to move them all back after they had taken them out. We threw on our dresses again, and if it were not for the mosquitoes we would have left our stockings off. Again we were covered from neck to feet. We had to put on rubbers as the caves were still wet, and we took along an umbrella in case it should rain. Everyone in Chungking was infuriated, but everyone got up, pulled through the sleeves, and slipped on the shoes and headed for the dugouts. We did not wait for the urgent alarm to go. If we had to spend the night in the dugouts, we might as well get there earlier. There were the same lines, the same lights, only the moon was out now, casting vague shadows. Everyone was more clear-headed now than before.

"Ah-ih! a practical joke!"

"I was just taking off my shoes. I had to do some things, so I did not get a wink, not one little wink."

"Sleep in the cave!"

"There is no objection but that one has to sleep sitting."

"Bother! Get on!"

In the dark cave we dozed off once more. Perhaps we had to spend the whole night like this. Wet ground, oil lamps, flashlight. We sat one way and then another way. In boredom, we thought only of sleep.

The bombers came, the drone grew louder, and then there were a few blasts. There was no news. Would the all-clear come soon? Oh, come, come, come! Let us out! We always had to wait before we really got the wish. It came at half past three. The night was almost over. Wearily we trod across the compound. At half past three Chungking came out of the cave and returned to its bed. For some, it hardly meant sleep. The next morning we woke up and saw the memorial ceremony being held at the compound at seven. The audience stood at attention, erect and straight, while a speaker spoke in front of the flag. We could not hear him, but I could see the merciless sun already up and beginning to heat the earth. Father had gone to see someone in his office. Chungking was awake at this early hour. How many hours of sleep did they get? They didn't care. This was just another day, another day of work.

Visit to the Generalissimo

By Adet

We had the extraordinary privilege of being invited to dinner with Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. My, we were nervous! It would be very difficult to be natural in front of them. To think that in spite of all their duties and important things to do they would allow us to come and visit them, was something we had dared not hope for. We were familiar with their pictures, of course. How did they look actually? What would they talk about? It was more than excitement to meet these two persons we admired and heard so much about. To think that they should really walk out in person! I had been used to the thought of seeing them speaking before a microphone in front of a group of orphans or a military review. Now we would actually meet them at home!

Madame came in first, while we were sitting in the parlor. She surprised us with her informality and her vivacity. And she was beautiful. How energetic she was, so ready to work! Her movements were very fast, like an American woman, but of course she was far more than that. People always talk about her American training, but how could it be the American training alone! Her smile was very disarming and made one like her immediately. Her English was beautiful. She was very refreshed in spirit and in appearance, and it was al-

most unbelievable that so much work centered around her. She looked like one who worked, but who had only begun to work.

Then the Generalissimo came in. We were even more anxious and more excited to see him. Someone ought to have announced his entrance, I felt. But he came in quietly. His footsteps were very light and firm, and his face and his whole figure were calm and at ease. Was it this man who was leading the nation in this war of resistance, shouldering the responsibility of the nation? It was due to his leadership that we felt confidence in this war. Yet he, like Madame, didn't show the strain of responsibility and seemed to have plenty of time. We looked intently at both of them, thinking that we must get as much as we could out of each minute we had here. Why, they were both human beings, and not just images!

The Generalissimo was particularly a mystery and a puzzle. He did not talk about the war situation or foreign policy. He asked us about Peipei and asked if there were a lot of mosquitoes there. It never struck me that a great leader could think about such things. It made him so human. He had very shrewd eyes, and his voice was friendly and pleasing to the ears, here at least, in the conversational tone. Were these two people at whose table we were dining, the leaders of our nation? They were just man and woman, but how could they accomplish so much?

One thing the General said we were very glad to hear from him. "The Chinese peasants are the best people in the world. They are the strength of our nation."

Madame added some more words to this effect. "No nation could beat their endurance of suffering." The

peasants praised by the leaders, and the leaders praised by the peasants!

I remember one instance when Mr. W. purposely asked his chair carriers about the victory. They were already in the mountains, going up at the signal of the alarm. The carriers, who lived in the mountains, said, "Of course we will win, *yeo!* Japan can't beat *our* Generalissimo." A nation with such people and such leaders must ultimately win.

The General smiled kindly. By then I felt fairly at ease in their presence. We had melon, and I remembered the melon we bought and the woman who sold it to us.

A little while after dinner, we bade good-by to them and came away. I could not help feeling enthusiastic about this visit. Now we had seen them. Two hours ago I did not know what they would look like. They were wonderful to us. They were human, they lived as people do. I could not get over it. It was like letting us see a special angle of this great war, perhaps an inside part of it, or perhaps a secret revealed to us; and coming out, I knew we would win. There was no reason at all. We saw only two contented and kindly and extremely intelligent faces. But something assured me that we would win. The Chinese nation will live and become a great nation.

The Generalissimo and Madame Chiang

By Anor

So many people have written about the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang and praised them every time, that if I add a little to it, it won't make much difference. The leaders of China, and for me to write about them would seem very ridiculous. Nevertheless, I am going to tell about our meeting with them.

When we arrived in Chungking, Mr. Tong said we were invited by them and when he said the children were invited too, I almost fell out of my skin. I dreamed day and night of how they would look, and I just could not imagine what it would be really like. I had seen pictures of them, so I thought I knew at least what they looked like.

And so came the day. At about four Mr. Tong went with us to their home. We had to cross the river in a special motor boat. That was the special motor boat of General and Madame's, and there were two seats at the other side of the cabin which I thought must have been theirs. There was a station wagon to take us to a certain place, and then there were special sedan chairs to carry us high up to the house. All the time I did not know what to think or do or imagine, so I was just led there, feeling very small.

When we entered the house, we were told to go to sit in the living room, and so we did. There was the por-

trait of General Chang Tse-chung, the heroic general who died, and there were copies of the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Asia*, and *Forum*. As we sat there, I still did not know what to think; I was just dumb. I could not imagine that we were really going to meet them. Then we heard footsteps coming from upstairs, and it was Mme. Chiang. She was very pretty, prettier than her pictures. She was very nice and talked with us, and she had a very mellow voice. Then she called in her three dogs for us to see, but because the dogs were too noisy, they were sent back again.

Then came the Generalissimo and we all stood up. He was so pleasant that I could not believe it. I might have thought that he was a very serious man who was very tall and strong. But the General was not so tall. He was very pleasant, and smiled all the time. He wore a military uniform. I did not understand how any one could be so great and at the same time so nice and pleasant. He seemed to make you forget the war and air raids and everything, for he was so leisurely and unworried and had not one wrinkle on his face. I was dumfounded and only knew that the Generalissimo was here, and he was to lead us through the war and nothing else, and yet he was still so pleasant and even talked with us children. When we were having dinner, he asked us what we liked best this time when we came to China, and Adet said it was the droning of the Chinese air force, and I said it was the sedan-chair carriers. I was amazed when the General asked us if there were mosquitoes in Peipei, and whether the drinking water was good.

After dinner we left them, and I was left still more not knowing what to think. But the Generalissimo was

so nice and so was Madame, and I knew really great people don't act as if they are great in your presence. When I left the house, I became very sure Japan could not win, no matter what happens.

The next day, August 19, there was the worst bombing Chungking ever had. They just dumped bombs into Chungking.

It was the same thing as usual, in the cave, but all of a sudden, we heard the planes very loud. Then bombs began to fall, and they were *very near*. So we began to get scared, and suddenly bombs came nearer and nearer until they seemed to hit our heads. It was like a hammer blow on my head. A gush of wind rushed in and out again, and the air pressure upon our chests was terrible. No one had said a thing. The wind had blown out all the little oil lamps, and when I opened my eyes, it was all dark. For a moment I thought I was blind, as I had heard of people getting blind on account of the bombs. But then I heard the familiar scratching of matches and someone talking, and when I saw some light I knew I was still alive. The pressure was still upon us, and my whole body hurt. The blow on my head was still there and it was still pounding; even now I can't forget it, and if I wanted to I could still feel it. When we came out we saw Mr. Tong's office destroyed, and the radio room bombed. Many planes came that day, so at night we knew the Japs had to rest, and they did not come.

August Nineteenth

By Adet

It was August 19, the day of the greatest bombing of Chungking, exceeded only by the one that followed the next day. At the usual hour the siren shrieked and people began to move the typewriters again. Mrs. Tong's servant began collecting the books and Mr. Tong's suits and putting them in the little storehouse. Mrs. Tong was studying Russian. She was wonderful. Mr. Tong worked from twelve to fourteen hours a day, and late at night when he was still in the office, she would open her Russian grammar, dictionary, and notebook. It was wonderful how she could keep this up with the prospect of raids day and night. She had grown-up children already, and that she should take an interest in Russian now was amazing. She said she loved the conjugations; that was why she liked Russian. So at the signal her servant took all her notebooks away into the little house.

We crossed the compound once more and joined the crowd. At the entrance where a little man was selling boiled eggs, we stopped, and Mother bought some. P.T. had come from his office to see us and went into the cave with us. His dormitory had been bombed and he was sleeping on the floor.

We took our seats, looked casually at the oil lamps, chattered with P.T. about our bombed house. I fell

asleep, and when I woke up I could hear the planes. The bombers were coming! Then the bombs dropped and the explosions came nearer and nearer. This time it was different; they came nearer still, and I held my ears tight. Something exploded over our heads, I knew, I knew. It was too loud, and again some more. It must be very near! I squeezed my eyes shut; I didn't want to see. The cave shook terribly, and a gush of wind swept through the cave. My lungs felt oppressed. Then the explosions went further and further, and stopped. All the oil lamps were blown out and there was commotion in the cave. It must have been over our heads, it must have been! Otherwise how could it be so terrible? We breathed with difficulty. A child was whimpering. There was a stir in the cave; several flashlights were switched on, and people began lighting the lamps. Some rushed out to see and came in to say that it was all dusty in front of the cave. There was a direct hit and several around us. How violently the cave shook! The air that rushed in—that silence inside the cave during the bombing! It came so quickly that none of us was afraid, only afterwards did we feel it. That loud thud, like a block of wood knocking our heads, and smoke, dust outside!

Mr. Tong's office was demolished; shellholes here, shellholes there. Bombed, and we were in the cave. The cave was strong, bless it! Mrs. Tong comforted her husband. Was their house intact? Yes.

I felt like a mass of tangled wire. I felt strange all over. We all listened to the man who had studied in a Middle-West college in America calmly describe the scene outside. He put American words in his description, and from his *r*'s we at once knew that he was from

America. I wanted to bend my knees and shut my eyes. Then this same man went out and brought two pieces of shrapnel back to us, which were from a Japanese bomb. We hesitated and then took them; they were still warm, there was still a bit of that Japanese temperament in them. One piece was beautiful; instead of a big crooked thing in a burned color, it was a large and heavy screwcap made of copper with an anchor engraved on it. Sign of the Japanese navy! I asked him to let me keep it as a souvenir.

There were eighty-one planes in each of the two formations that day. There were usually many explosions, all loud and noisy, but it was different today. Usually we would wait most of the time in the dead silence of the long hours. But there was action outside, foretelling a great event. The second batch of bombers came and dropped hundreds of bombs, but they didn't come so near. Everyone was agitated in the cave. Something awful was happening. When the all-clear came, very late, we got out. The heat seemed worse than ever today. A gigantic shellhole was before us, about ten feet from the entrance. The shed where an old man was selling eggs had collapsed; there were still boards left. The old man was apparently not worried, as he was busily talking with someone. Across the sky a black column of smoke was rising, black and massive. Houses and belongings had been burned, and black smoke was all that was left of them. The little path leading up to the compound was shattered by the bombs, and we could see Mr. Tong's office torn through with a bomb. We climbed up, pulling the weeds, slipping. Turning, I saw that shellhole, just about over our heads. The hole was not deep because the rock was very hard. In the

empty lot of the compound there were many shellholes; glass and pieces of brick and splinters littered the place. Some trees were blown down.

People were mumbling and talking in a very unexcited way about the damage done. Some had run ahead to see their homes. Fortunately only explosive bombs fell here. The incendiary bombs were the more deadly. Even these were between five hundred and six hundred pounds. The destruction was done in that split second, and after that the bomb was dead and it could harm no more and the shrapnel would cool off. Some men were already back at work about Mr. Tong's office, with rolled-up sleeves. Some were pulling away the broken beams and planning what to do next. Oh the heat! I was sweating through in one minute under the sun. I let sweat drip down my forehead. But the heat had heightened our will, our "fever." That knock on the head was something we could not forget easily. The fact that we were preparing to leave, the after-effects of the bombing, the sense of being in Chungking—all had melted in the heat and I could only feel something burning in me, something alive with flame. Each time I looked at that black cloud of smoke, the fire became more lively, as if a gust of wind had blown it. It was fever and I let it burn and burn. My brain was numb; I could only feel that something burning and burning. Outside people moved and hurried home. I was leaving, I was leaving! I wanted to bite my lips. What could I do?

The faces around me were very sane. It seemed very simple to them. They were going home to clear the dust away. They acted in accordance with the damage done. I felt my cheeks burning. There was nothing for me to

do. To think that when the next raid came I would be sitting comfortably on a sofa. When they came back to find an office in ruins, I would be walking in some strange street and looking around and seeing faces that did not know Chungking. What would I be doing? I would probably be thinking about what I should do on Sunday. Was I not to feel and to know when they had raids and lived in the shelters? I would be doing something, probably very foolish, and would not know when the raiders arrived in Chungking. When there was no raid, I knew they would get along well and happily. But when there is a raid, do let me know, for I don't want to find myself laughing while bombs are descending on Chungking! There must be a way to know!

Even now, approaching Mrs. Tong's house with that something burning in me, with everything I could see bombed, I was most satisfied. Why tear me away to a world of comfort and extravagance! But had I grown resigned to leaving? I must not. Let me help move away the bricks and pile them up for rebuilding. Perhaps Chungking was for me like the cathedral for the devoted Catholic, where one would gladly kneel.

Mr. Tong's house had luckily escaped a direct hit, but there was damage from an eight-hundred-pound bomb which had landed about thirty feet away. The beds were covered heavily with dust, and there was a piece of shrapnel stuck in the wall.

Looking from the window, the smoke seemed even clearer, rising behind the Russian embassy. Vaguely I could hear far distant noises of greater commotion; nearer there were trucks and busses returning to Chungking. There was tension and excitement. We all had not yet recovered from the bombing.

Father went to see a man about the plane schedule, and he came back and said we were to leave the second morning. Tomorrow, so soon! Tomorrow we would leave Chungking!

Father and I went to take some photographs of the damage. We went to photograph the dugout. Some men were already covering up the crater. Someone came to stop us from taking pictures; it was not allowed without permit. Here and there they were fixing wires up on the poles. One man was directing from below, and one on the pole was looking down and fixing the wire. On the ground were tangled old wires and reels of new wire. Far beyond the black smoke kept rising.

The Day We Left Chungking

By Meimei

I was very excited. I did not want to leave China, but I wanted to get away from the Japanese bombs. Chinese lived in Hong Kong, but that was not the real China, the fighting China. In Chungking, not only the soldiers were fighting the Japs, even the peasants were fighting the Japs. They fought the Japs by enduring the hardships of war. They were cheerful, never complaining.

We had our breakfast, and Mr. and Mrs. Tong accompanied us to the airport. We had to wait till the red ball was hung up. After half an hour of talking, Mr. and Mrs. Tong went home, Mother went to check the baggage, and Father went to see General Pai Tsung-hsi who gave Father a picture of himself. We three were left in the office by ourselves. We went out to see the airport which was on an island and watched the planes land and fly away. Presently, Father came and someone took us to where Mother was. We had to weigh ourselves, and we carried little bags, cameras, and small suitcases with us when we stepped on the weighing machine, but they did not charge us more. After the passport was shown, they wanted to see the vaccination card. Father could not find it in his wallet, and we helped to search for it in suitcases. But we could not find it. I was very nervous and scared. After fifteen

minutes of searching we finally found it. We got through everything safely and waited. Peter came and brought some grapes for us to eat on the airplane. Peter wore pink glasses. At about twelve o'clock there was a red ball. We crossed the ferry and reached the airport. I saw crowds of people walking to the dugouts. The airplane began to fly and we left Chungking!

49

Departure

By Anor

Once more we were leaving, but unwillingly. We were to fly to Hong Kong. We had to wait till the alarm came and then take off. The pilot knew Mother and he said they were almost all Chinese pilots on the C.N.A.C.

Then we saw above us, people walking, young and old, going to the dugouts. Though there was not an air raid yet, they were going; they went every day, they expected the raids. There they were, all of Chungking, carrying their valuables, performing the dugout parade. They did it every day and they knew they would do it for some time yet, every morning at nine, marching, marching, to the dugouts. Be there an air raid or not, Chungking was still marching to the dugouts. Very soon there was an air alarm, and the crowds increased. How solemn they were, how quiet they were! They were doing their duty, they were going to dugouts.

As we took off, we saw Chungking from the sky, and all its people performing the dugout parade, everyone going to the dugouts. Oh, I did not want to leave, I wanted to join Chungking once more, and go to the dugout with China! We were flying higher and higher, and all the time we were going further from Chungking. The people were going the opposite way. We were going away, but Chungking would still keep on. There in the clouds, I heard a faint siren tooting. There was another air raid for China, but China can take it.

This Dream Must Come True

By Adet

Our last night in Chungking was spent in a long and peaceful and much-needed sleep. To leave Chungking! Nothing had happened to make us stay, or make me stay. Few hours now we had, before we left Chungking in the middle of its fight for existence. At six we left the house where we had found shelter and Chungking hospitality. I was desperate at leaving all those excitements. If we could only delay a few days, just a few days!

We walked to the airport, each one mute on the way. We walked through the streets, where many buildings were demolished. We saw an old woman selling porcelain on a mat near the roadside. Her face told of calmness. She was thinking of the business rather than whether the porcelain would get broken in the next bombing. Her house before which she sat had only two walls with much rubbish around it. We walked on. Some were washing themselves and having breakfast. We passed two men carrying the coffin of a victim of yesterday's fierce bombing. The two men went on seriously; they were doing a job. A truck rolled past, packed to the limit with young workers or students, all leaving for the country to work. The busses still stood in the shed; the roads were the same; the ruins and the houses stood in that inimitable Chungking spirit.

Men went back and forth, some ran, some stood leaning against a door watching the people, and there were workers already working at the caves!

Over and down the cliff was the airport on an island in the middle of the river. The river flowed generously, and across it was the south bank. The roads were brown with dust; the rocks were purplish brown. The roof tiles had turned from gray to black. The people wore blue, the sky was blue and clear—a bad omen. Only certain things were red, and those were the strips of paper pasted on the door panels or shops saying, "Open as usual," and perhaps a girl would have a red thread tied around her pigtails.

We came to the waiting room and P.T. came to say good-by. "How was the bombing last night?"

"Terrible! I went through the whole business section. Blocks and blocks were burned down. It is unrecognizable now. At some places the fire is still burning. A lot of men worked at the fire, but it was too fierce. Everything was burned black."

What were we doing? We were waiting for the signal to leave Chungking. In the next raid we would not be in the dugout with the people of Chungking. When the all-clear signal came we would not know and would not know how to rejoice! A bomb blasted over our heads yesterday and it was not so awful. In the next raid a bomb might blast over the same cave and we would not know about it. Was it a "privilege" they called it? No, let me stay in Chungking! I was not afraid of bombs, nor of long hours in the cave. Here now in this waiting room we were waiting for the red ball to go up and we would be leaving. Perhaps it would not go up today. There was always a chance. Perhaps

the Japs thought yesterday was enough for a while.

Then the red ball was up. I could not believe it. We reached out from the wharf to see. Yes, it was there, high up on the hill. We were actually to leave? We began to hear voices and footsteps above, over the cliff. People with their little bundles and stools and with their children by the hands were leaving in all directions to go to the caves. Yesterday's experience was too much, and they did not wait for the second alarm. Our suitcases were moved away and we boarded the steamer leaving for the airport in the middle of the river. We had to leave. As the steamer moved away, we could see Chungking more clearly. On a cliff was Chungking. And now we could see far off and near by people moving, moving, their feet just trudging, and dugout lines already forming, moving, moving toward and along the cliffs. The heat was intense. At first we could still hear voices from Chungking and then we could not hear any more. We could only see small figures, some bent, some very straight, moving and moving, heading for the dugouts. The red balls hung on the poles.

The whole of Chungking was going to the dugouts. Here and there in every street and every house everyone was leaving to stay in those damp dark caves, to stay and hear the Japanese come to bomb and go away again. The whole of Chungking was moving, lines here, lines there, and we were going away to a far place in the outer world, where Chungking would seem very distant and remote.

We came down from the steamer and proceeded on to the plane. We walked on the pebbles. I turned back and looked at the pebbles and weeds. They were ours!

I, as a Chinese, could claim them as mine. This magnificent city half in ruins I was able to claim as mine. But now we were leaving, while people went under the rocks to seek shelter against an enemy from the sky. I felt that I was leaving a part of myself too, and that part would remain in Chungking, go to the dugouts, and rejoice at the all-clear with the people of Chungking. That part of myself would share this wonderful life with the people while I went away to a far distant place. Yes, that self must stay and live the life of my people while I go away and live a foreign life. I felt happier now that there was something I had left with Chungking. Even in the outside world I should miss that part of myself and feel hollow, without it. Yet in spite of everything I was leaving Chungking. I stepped into the plane.

Good-by to Chungking! Victory will come to you!

In the plane, I thought how the people in Chungking were carrying on, had been carrying on for years, and how they bore all this in silence, even with enthusiasm. For the intellectuals, it was the realization of a dream, and for the people it meant a new life with a government actually doing things for them and the end of civil war, of heavy taxation, and of ill treatment of the people by the gentry.

Ever since the revolution, nearly thirty years ago now, there was a dream of China as an independent country. Ever since then, men and women had struggled and died for the dream. And yet in these thirty years the aim was never accomplished, and the evil conditions existed and continued to exist. Many had died for it while the people kept on being trampled

under the heels of the landlords and the nation kept on being humiliated. And now the moment had come at last. A China united and fighting against its enemy, who had been insulting our people and stealing our land, and meanwhile a new nation of order was building itself up. It meant everything to us and no wonder old men got enthusiastic about it and youth worked frantically for it! For each day had helped us to realize this dream. Day raids and night raids, we did not care. For each day work was done, and we had come nearer to our dream.

Here it was a different life, different from the outer world, for I say here was a nation caught by a dream. The outer world didn't seem to care about us. It was far away. Here we lived our own life to make our dream real. Let those outside misunderstand us, pay little attention to us. Today was ours and tomorrow was ours, for we lived for our dream. From the newspapers we learned of happenings outside, but here, occupied with our own work, we paid little attention to them. There were wars and invasions in other places in the world. There were bombings and casualties and victories and defeats. We sympathized with some countries and praised some, but that all seemed far away. Few seemed to care about us and we lived in a world of our own. We laughed and cried alone. Our dream was all we needed!!

Did you ever see a whole group of people working for one aim with such vehemence? That is very rare, but here was a nation like a scientist caught by an idea. It worked regardless of day or night, regardless of obstructions or difficulties, and when a nation of people is caught by a dream, you can imagine how formidable

it is! China had caught a dream, and it would realize it. China knew not the past nor the future; it did not care whether the green leaves were turning brown or young leaves were budding forth. Let there be storms and rain, but China did not care. Here with our old and blind, with our straw-sandaled soldiers, with our innocent children singing, "Arise, ye who refuse to be bond slaves . . .," with our Friends of the Wounded, with our guerrilla Buddhist, a nation was fighting for a dream of independence and freedom. We lived for this dream, and this dream must come true, for here, with this nation's strong morale, we must win! Chungking is the center. Men may be killed, but Chungking itself will go on forever.

𪛗	𪛘	𪛙	𪛚	𪛛	𪛜	𪛝
𪛞	𪛟	𪛠	𪛡	𪛢	𪛣	𪛤
𪛥	𪛦	𪛧	𪛨	𪛩	𪛪	𪛫
𪛬	𪛭	𪛮	𪛯	𪛰	𪛱	𪛲
𪛳	𪛴	𪛵	𪛶	𪛷	𪛸	𪛹
𪛺	𪛻	𪛼	𪛽	𪛾	𪛿	𪜀
𪜁	𪜂	𪜃	𪜄	𪜅	𪜆	𪜇
𪜈	𪜉	𪜊	𪜋	𪜌	𪜍	𪜎
𪜏	𪜐	𪜑	𪜒	𪜓	𪜔	𪜕
𪜖	𪜗	𪜘	𪜙	𪜚	𪜛	𪜜

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



124 433

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY